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One Halfpenny.

MOTOR-CAR RACING AT ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.



Thousands of people have been watching with close interest the contests between racing motor-cars at Brighton. There are few finer spectacles than one of these enormously powerful cars, of 90-h.p. or 100-h.p., going at full speed. Yet even nearly eighty miles an hour has not been considered sensational enough for some of the enthusiasts now gathered at Brighton to see the best drivers and cars in England.

RUSSIAN ALLIANCE WITH JAPAN?

Remarkable Scheme Credited
to M. Witte.

ASSASSINS AT WORK.

Bombs for Finland Official and M.
Pobiedonostseff.

A very striking rumour comes from St. Petersburg by way of Paris.

It is to the effect that M. Witte has instructions to propose at the Peace Conference a Russo-Japanese alliance.

For this object Russia is said to be willing to consent to almost any terms of peace—even to pay a heavy indemnity.

It is well-known that Japan would have been glad to get Russia as an ally if she had not secured Britain.

PEACE WITH ALLIANCE.

Artless Bargain Russia Is Prepared to Make
with Japan.

PARIS, Thursday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin" states that it is now believed that the instructions given by the Tsar to M. Witte are such as to permit of the hope being entertained that all the difficulties will be swept away and peace concluded with Japan.

It appears from information which the correspondent states he has received from an unimpeachable source that the Russian Government have come to the conclusion that peace can be arranged on the basis of an alliance with Japan.

This ingenious idea was, it is stated, advanced by M. Witte, and was accepted by the Russian Government as being the most practical.

It is pointed out that if Russia agreed to declare peace without an alliance with Japan she would no longer be regarded as a power in the Far East; but, on the other hand, as Japan's ally her prestige would not materially suffer.—Exchange.

MANY BOMBS THROWN.

Attempt to Assassinate the Procurator of the
Holy Synod.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—It is announced that an attempt on the life of M. Pobiedonostseff, Procurator of the Holy Synod, was made at the Tsarskoe Selo Station here at noon yesterday.

A youth approached as the Procurator was alighting from the train and drew out a fully loaded revolver, but he was seized by a passenger and handed over to the police before he was able to fire.

M. Pobiedonostseff subsequently drove to the Holy Synod and returned to Tsarskoe Selo without an escort.—Reuter.

It is reported from Kieff that a bomb was thrown from the camp of the Third Brigade of Sappers at a window of the house of Colonel Niemyllof, who was injured.

An unknown individual yesterday afternoon threw a bomb at M. Deutich, the Deputy Governor-General of Finland, as he was leaving the Senate at Helsingfors.

VENGEANCE UPON BOYS.

Children of Fourteen Charged with the Sack
of Odessa.

"The justices of the peace of Odessa," says a dispatch from our correspondent at that port, "have now got to work on the persons arrested by the police and their unofficial agents, the 'Black Gang,' during the sacking of the port. The majority of the captures appear to be youths and boys from ten years old to seventeen."

"Everyone charged received an exemplary sentence with the exception of a ten-year-old child, who, not being a Russian subject, was handed over to the care of his father. The rest got sentences of from six weeks' to three months' imprisonment."

"Out of seven cases reported to-day only one was a full-grown man, while three were under fourteen years of age."

TSAR'S LIFE IN DANGER.

One of the topics of conversation at the Zemstvo Congress, says the "Times" correspondent, was the alleged discovery of a military plot against the present occupant of the Throne.

SUNBURNT JULY.

Return of the Heat—Brilliant Week-
end in Prospect.

POOR HAY CROP.

FORECAST FOR TO-DAY.

Fine and sunny; very warm inland;
variable to southerly breezes.

It has been steadily growing warmer since the beginning of the week, and there is every prospect of the high temperatures of last week-end being surpassed to-day and to-morrow.

During the week the following shade temperatures have been recorded:—

Monday	72deg.	Tuesday	74deg.	Wednesday	75deg.
Tuesday	74deg.	Thursday	75deg.		

England is experiencing an exceptionally fine summer, in spite of the week of rain early in June, and July, 1905, bids fair to beat previous Julys in the matter of sunshine.

RECORD JULY.

The average July sunshine in London is 136.5 hours. During the present month 155 hours have already been recorded, so that if the remaining eleven days are as bright as they promise to be, this month will create a record.

The average rainfall for July is 2.27in. Up to the present 1.42in. have been measured in the gauge, leaving less than an inch for the next eleven days. The figures for the previous two months are:—

JUNE (London).

Recorded sunshine	Hours.
Average for June	179.9
Rainfall	148.6
Average for June	4.25
	1.93

MAY (London).

Recorded sunshine	Hours.
Average for May	137.2
Rainfall	132.6
Average for May	1.94
	1.69

In London streets it was sufficiently warm yesterday, shady thermometers giving readings up to 80, but a pleasant breeze made life tolerable.

FANS AND SUNSHADES.

In the afternoon heat-wave lassitude showed signs of returning. The lightest of clothing was resumed, ice was in demand, and middle-aged gentlemen carried fans and sunshades.

The hay harvest is practically over, and owing to the six weeks' drought in the spring it has been a very poor one.

The prospects for root crops and grains are fairly good, and in the south reaping will commence towards the end of next week.

It is disquieting to learn that London water has been less pure bacteriologically.

Sir W. Crookes and Sir J. Dewar, official analysts to the Water Board, report that after passing through filter beds the water contained more than 100 microbes per cubic centimetre last month than in May.

The heat wave (says a New York message) caused ninety-six deaths in the cities of the Eastern States yesterday.

ENGLISH "CURES."

Home Watering Places Continue To Benefit
by the Intense Heat on the Continent.

Society in need of "cures" will flock to English watering-places in large numbers this year, instead of to the Continent.

The terrific heat in France and Germany is driving people to seek cooler resorts, where, however, similar waters are available.

The sulphurous waters and mineral baths of Kissingen and Homburg, ordered for sufferers from liver, gout, and rheumatism, can all be enjoyed at Harrogate, where the most luxurious of hotels serve the Harrogate diet in most approved and comfortable fashion.

There are springs at Buxton, for rheumatism, which compare favourably with Aix-les-Bains; brine baths at Droitwich vie with those at Schwalbach for gout and rheumatism; and sulphur and chalybeate springs with exquisite scenery at Strathpeffer are every whit as delightful as Harrogate.

There are iodine waters at Woodhall Spa, saline and sulphur springs at Leamington, chalybeate waters at Tunbridge Wells and Llandrindod Wells, and brine and other baths at Malvern, while all these spots are famous for their beauty.

CLACTON UNJUST IN HER WRATH

The Clacton Council complained of the injury done to their town by what they described as the "disgraceful behaviour" of the Clctenwell Gospel Mission's excursionists.

One of the guardians of the mission has denied that the people misbehaved. He suggests that bad behaviour on the part of Hoxton people has been attributed to the mission.

OUR COAL IN DANGER

Members Dissatisfied with Evasive
Attitude of Ministers.

Great dissatisfaction exists amongst members on both sides of the House of Commons at the answers given yesterday on behalf of the Government with regard to the report that Germany had acquired an important coalfield in Wales.

Had the secretary to the Board of Trade, asked Sir Howard Vincent, any official information to the effect that the sale of the Whitworth Estate coalfield near Neath in South Wales, to a German syndicate on behalf of the German Navy, was being negotiated, and in such a case would he have the purchasers warned of the special legislation contemplated by the Government to prevent the coal being shipped for the use of foreign Powers?

Mr. Bonar Law said that his hon. friend must not assume that the mere shipment of coal to foreign Powers in the ordinary course of trade had ever been objected to by the present or any other Government.

What they did object to would be anything like a monopoly of steam coal by foreigners or foreign Governments. The Government had no official information about the coalfield referred to. But it was understood to have been in the market for some time, and it did not prove steam coal.

Mr. Pretyman, answering Mr. Dalziel, said this particular district was outside the area where any steam coal suitable for naval purposes had been found hitherto. Besides, the purchase was not a considerable one.

In view of Mr. Balfour's emphatic statement that the House "could not remain indifferent spectators to such a transaction," the replies seemed to indicate that the attitude of the Government on this most important question has considerably weakened.

TOWN HALL SACKED.

Councillor Leaps Heading on a Window
to Escape an Infuriated Mob.

The sacking of a town-hall, serious rioting, and outbreaks of disorder are reported from various parts of Spain.

At Salamanca there was a riot in connection with a measure dealing with Octroi duties voted by the municipality. The mob broke into the town-hall and sacked it. One councillor, who was being pursued by the crowd, jumped from a window, injuring himself fatally.

Four hundred agricultural labourers arrived in Seville in quest of work, says Reuter. Being unsuccessful they raided the bakers' shops, but they were eventually dispersed by the police. Several contraband cases of arms which came from Madrid were seized at the station.

COIFFEUR'S REVENGE.

German Crown Princess Sets Her Ladies an
Inconvenient Fashion.

The bride of the German Crown Prince has very beautiful hair, which she wears dressed high upon the head.

This custom enjoins high coiffeurs upon the ladies of the suite, and it is said that the Berlin hairdressers take a malicious pleasure in making them up badly, because a Viennese was called in to dress the hair of the Crown Princess on her wedding day.

So it came to pass that a sudden gust of wind through an open window wrought havoc with the headpiece of one lady while at dinner, and landed her luxuriant tresses upon the table.

"That mishap will never happen to me, Fritz," said the Crown Princess, amid the laughter which greeted the incident.

AVENUE ENDS IN "Y."

Countryman's Vague Direction to a Cabman
Leads to Fisticuffs.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—"Drive me to my aunt's. Her name is Bressin, and she lives in an avenue—No. 19, and the name ends with 'Y.'" Thus spoke a countryman to a cabman at the St. Lazare Station.

"Avenue de Clichy?" suggested the cabbie.

"That's it," said the fare.

But it was not Avenue de Clichy.

"Avenue de Reuilly?" suggested the cabbie.

"That's it," said the fare.

And then there was trouble. It was not till the two had come to blows that the countryman found out—at the police station—that it was Avenue de Neuilly he wanted.

KING LEOPOLD CHEERED

At the tournament in the medieval style, which was one of the chief attractions of the fête, at Brussels yesterday to commemorate the proclamation of Belgian independence, King Leopold was vociferously cheered.

PRINCE OF WALES.

Report That He May Visit Japan
in Near Future.

WHAT HE WOULD SEE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—It is reported in diplomatic circles here that the Prince of Wales and the German Crown Prince are both likely to visit Tokio in the near future.

A visit of the Heir-Apparent to the British throne to the capital of our gallant allies would be an appropriate return to the recent visit of Prince and Princess Arisugawa, near relations of the Japanese Emperor.

As the Prince and Princess of Wales are going to India during the autumn, it is not improbable, as suggested, that they might extend their tour to the Far East. Such a visit would be vastly appreciated by the Japanese. It is many years since Japan was honoured by the presence of a British Prince. The Duke of Connaught and the late Duke of Coburg both visited the England of the Far East, but that was long ago, and during the intervening period there have been many Continental princes enjoying the hospitality of the Tokio Court.

A visit to Japan would be interesting enough to an English prince and princess. The Emperor's principal palace, where his Royal Highness might be invited to stay, is a singular building of the new and old Japan. It is a medieval building, but in some respects is as modern as Buckingham Palace. Electric light blazes everywhere, but one sees still in their places wonderful old lacquer and silk lanterns wrought by hands that have been cold these five hundred years.

MIXTURE OF OLD AND NEW.

The very dress of the courtiers is a strange medley. On state occasions nearly all the men wear European costumes, but the ladies can choose either the latest Parisian fashion of evening gown or the "hokama," or silk breeches, which have been the Japanese mode for many centuries. No dress suits the tiny beauties of Japan better than these garments, made of silk so stiff that they would almost stand up without the wearer.

After a fair trial of the European female dress, the ladies of Japan have to a large extent returned to their old fashions. One difficulty was the hair. A Japanese girl's hair is naturally coarse, and little strands stick out awkwardly when it is dressed in European fashions. The ladies of the Court took, too, very unkindly to corsets, and their prejudices were heightened by the fact that some unskilled native ladies' maids sometimes fitted these instruments upside down, much to the wearer's discomfort.

If the Prince and Princess of Wales visit Japan they may be sure of the most cordial and delicate hospitality. The Japanese are next to the French, the most graceful hosts in the world.

FOR THE GREAT REVIEW.

Adequately to cope with the water supply to the unprecedented number of troops expected at the great autumn Indian review, thousands of coolies are busily constructing eighteen reservoirs and digging wells.

The Prince of Wales has intimated that, although unable to visit the territories of ruling princes in the Punjab, he will accord interviews on his arrival.

BREST AND THE ENTENTE.

King Edward's Cordial Exchange of Messages
with the French Premier.

Telegraphing to M. Rouvier from Newmarket on Tuesday, King Edward cordially thanked the French Government for the sympathetic reception extended to the British fleet.

In reply M. Rouvier said the French Government was pleased to manifest by its reception how much it was gratified by the reciprocal sympathy between the two countries.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A gatekeeper named Arnold was last evening knocked down and decapitated at the level crossing at Dover by the boat-train as it passed off the Admiralty Pier.

After collecting much money for Japanese orphans, the Reverend Mr. Clark, of the New York Episcopal Church, has disappeared. Detectives are seeking him.

It was stated in Parliament yesterday that the Admiralty were earnestly seeking a method whereby sailors could escape from submarine vessels in case of accident.

Thirty non-commissioned officers of the Italian battalione Francesco Morozini at Spezia have mutinied, complaining of being overworked. The commander and his second have been arrested.

LADY MACLEAN IN TEARS.

Co-respondent's Declaration of
Love for Accusing Daughter.

IMPASSIVE WITNESS.

The last stage but one of Kaid Sir Harry Maclean's divorce suit was reached yesterday. To-day the verdict is expected.

For six days of actual hearing the case had dragged its length along when counsel in the afternoon began their final appeals to the jury.

Through all the six days of statement and evidence, the while her own daughters were bearing testimony of the most painful description against her, Lady Maclean had remained composed, self-possessed, even amused when barristers made the few little jokes that a case of this nature allows.

But when her counsel, Mr. Bamard, K.C., in a passage of great eloquence, reviewed her early life, and referred to a great wrong that was done her before Sir Harry Maclean met her, she broke down.

Lady Maclean Breaks Down.

Taking from her bag her lace-lined handkerchief she covered her face with it, and sobbed.

After a quarter of an hour's weeping she adjusted her veil and then it was seen that her eyes were red, and that she was a very different Lady Maclean from the commanding personality who had without a tremor faced the Court as a witness.

In the early part of the day Mr. Mortimer, the co-respondent, underwent the process of cross-examination. He showed himself as much at ease during the ordeal as he had been when questioned by his own counsel.

"Did you ever ask Miss Patsy Maclean to marry you?" was Mr. Williams's first thrust. Mr. Mortimer parried it with a matter of fact "No."

"But you were writing love letters to her, and embracing her," pursued Mr. Williams.

The co-respondent replied with an equally matter of fact "Yes, I was."

"Constantly," said Mr. Williams, raising his voice.

"Constantly," repeated the co-respondent without altering his tones.

Contemplative Courtship.

He then explained his attitude towards Miss Patsy. He intended to ask her to marry him, but he thought it better to wait for six months before he did so in order that he might study her character.

"Were you studying the girl's character when you were hugging her, and making her love you?" retorted the K.C. scornfully.

"What I say is God's perfect truth," was the quiet answer.

Mr. Williams was again scornful when the co-respondent admitted that he had left two of Miss Patsy's love-letters to him "knocking about."

"For the servants to read?" asked the K.C. Mr. Mortimer: Spanish servants cannot read English letters. My one English servant committed suicide.

When did the great love that the witness professed for Miss Patsy come to an end? Mr. Williams was anxious to know.

"I Love Her Still."

The co-respondent's reply was unexpected. "I love her still," he said.

Mr. Williams, recovering from the general surprise more quickly than anybody else, demanded why the young man had given up the woman he still loved. Why had he not persisted in his courtship and married her after her quarrel with her mother?

Mr. Mortimer: Why should I when a girl makes such a horrible accusation against me?

Mr. Williams: Do you think she is still mad? Mr. Mortimer: I thought she was under a delusion.

Then counsel said very impressively: "Do you ask the jury to believe that you still have affection for her?" and Mr. Mortimer replied with an equally impressive, "I do."

The evidence was completed by servants' stories. One of them, Lady Maclean's Spanish maid, Concha, made everybody laugh by saying loudly in English, "Never!" to a question before her interpreter could put the question for her into Spanish.

His lordship intimated that he would sum up this morning.

FOUGHT HIS RESCUER.

His mother in a lunatic asylum and his father indifferent about the family, Frederick Young, a Camden Town electrician, jumped into Highgate Ponds to drown himself.

Herbert Husband, a Canonbury compositor, plunged to the rescue. Young struck him twice while they were struggling in the water, but was eventually taken out insensible. He thanked his rescuer at Marylebone yesterday and was recommended.

QUICK-FIRING RECORDS.

Widespread Interest in "Daily Mirror"
Matches To-morrow.

Interest in the *Daily Mirror* competition at Bisley to-morrow has been further aroused by the presence of the Halle automatic rifle on the range.

The Halle competition is one of the most remarkable at Bisley.

It is shot at a range of 200 yards at a target which is visible for three seconds and disappears for ten seconds, to reappear again. That is to say, there are four appearances, lasting for twelve seconds, in the minute.

The competition is for two marksmen armed with the Service rifle, or one using the automatic.

The Halle leads with eighteen shots and sixteen hits in one minute, the next being fourteen hits by two men of the Buffs.

The West Ashton automatic rifle has also made fine records, the best being thirty-one rounds and twenty-seven hits under difficult circumstances.

The Halle differs from the West Ashton in the following respects: It has a feed of five cartridges, whilst the latter has a feed of seven. The Halle loads beneath the breach, the West Ashton on the top of the breach.

It is hoped that a sporting match between the two rifles will take place to-morrow.

CARNIVAL OF SPEED.

Another Day of Fast and Exciting Races on
the New Brighton Track.

Brilliant white summer costumes and a mass of perspiring humanity graced Brighton front yesterday.

The racing was fast and furious. Hissing motor-cars shot along dusty roadways, and looked in the distance like shells projected from a huge gun.

There were several heats, a few close and exciting finishes being watched with breathless excitement by the crowds.

The carnival will be concluded to-morrow night with a ball, at which all the guests will wear motor masks until midnight.

BUSY WIRES.

996 Million Telephone Messages at Five
for Twopence.

A profit of £355,618 was made by the National Telephone Company during the first six months of the current year, said Sir Henry Fowler, presiding at the thirty-sixth ordinary general meeting of the company yesterday.

During that period the income of the company was £1,086,506, an increase of £101,232 over the corresponding six months of 1904.

During the year 1904 the company had sent 995,674 messages over their wires, at an average receipt of 43 of a penny per message. In other words, five messages for twopence.

The number of telegrams sent during 1904 was under 90,000,000, or not one-tenth of the number of telephone messages.

CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

Dr. Barton Will Publicly Test His New Aero-
nautical Invention To-day.

To-day, in the presence of representatives of the War Office and most of the Continental nations, the first public ascent is to be made in the Barton-Rawson airship by Dr. Barton and Mr. F. L. Rawson, vice-president and consulting engineer of the Aeronautical Institute.

Yesterday, at the Alexandra Palace, he exhibited his new airship to an assembly of experts. In this Dr. Barton has combined the principles of the mechanically-driven balloon and the aeroplane. It is a cigar-shaped balloon, and between it and the car movable aerial planes on a suitable frame are interposed. The balloon is composed entirely of tussore silk, and is 180ft. long and 18ft. high. Its deck, which runs from one end to the other, varies in width from 2ft. to 8ft.

The total weight of the whole structure is about 14,000lb. Some idea of the quantity of gas needed is conveyed by the statement that about six hundred carboys of concentrated oil of vitriol and fifty tons of iron borings are used in the process of inflation.

LADY SWIMMER AT PRACTICE.

Miss Kellerman had a very useful practice swim in the Channel yesterday, and has quite lost the feeling of seasickness which at first troubled her.

For two hours the graceful Australian swam across the rapid tide at the end of the Admiralty Pier, for the most part a powerful double overarm stroke.

OFFICERS "STRIKE."

Resignations from the Army now
Number Twelve Hundred.

WAR OFFICE DISMAYED.

Much sensation was caused by the announcement, recently published by the *Daily Mirror*, that nine hundred Army officers had resigned their commissions.

Since that time, in little more than a fortnight, another three hundred officers have tendered their resignations to the War Office.

"Yes, twelve hundred have resigned, and I am going to be the 1,201st," said a captain of Fusiliers to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

Worried Out of the Army.

This officer has served with distinction in four separate campaigns. When asked his reasons for resigning he said:

"The constant changes made by the War Office and Army Council have upset nearly all the officers in the Service. Eternal changes, fidgetings, modifications, and regulations—these have virtually ruined the careers of half the officers in the Army, and cost them in money far more than they can afford."

It is reported that the War Office, dismayed by the position, is considering whether it shall not refuse to accept those resignations, which would strip the service of one-tenth of its officers.

It is not only one branch of the Service which is affected. Every branch is acting in the same manner. In the Guards there are not so many vacancies, but here the authorities are only getting over the difficulty by granting probationary commissions, commissions, in fact, to sons of rich men, who need not have brains and need not pass the usual examinations.

Blaming the War Office.

The captain of Fusiliers whose words are quoted above pointed out that the young officer's is the worst paid profession in England.

"The War Office seems to think," he said, "that we have no family ties. And the cavalry in particular is harassed to death, though not a single man could live on his pay."

Dr. Miller Maguire, the eminent Army coach, complains bitterly of the inefficiency of the Army Council. The Education Committee, he says, consists of men who have the careers of majors, captains, and lieutenants in their hands, and many of the committee are far more ignorant than the examinees themselves.

PLAGUE OF CATERPILLARS.

Though Beautifully Coloured, They Prove a
Nuisance to Frequenters of Hyde Park.

Hyde Park has been infested during the past few days with millions of small, beautifully-coloured caterpillars.

But their brilliant colouring in no way commends them to admiration, for they have a most unpleasant habit of dropping from the trees on to the people sitting below.

When a lady starts up from her chair with a blood-curdling scream, it is a sign that a caterpillar has landed upon her. A succulent caterpillar in a lady's hair may cause considerable annoyance.

Equally annoying is it when they drop between the collar and the neck of gentlemen standing below.

More serious, however, is the irritation caused by the fine, silky hairs with which the bodies of these pests are covered.

They produce a sharp, stinging sensation, like that of a nettle. This sting is afterwards succeeded by a stiffness in the part affected, which often lasts some hours.

The best way to allay the irritation is by the application of ammonia.

Scientists call the creature *Orgyia Antiqua*.

NATION OF CORRESPONDENTS.

In comparison with Continental countries, Great Britain is easily first in respect of the number of letters annually received by every thousand inhabitants.

The number for this country is 61,342. Germany is third, France fourth, and Italy last with a total of 5,887.

LONG-LIVED MYTH.

For years the Obelisk at St. George's Circus, Southwark, was thought to have been erected to mark Lord Mayor Crosby's defiance of Parliament in defence of the freedom of the Press.

The City authorities have found that it was erected anterior to this date, merely to serve as a milestone to which lamps might be affixed.

GIRL GOLF-CADDIES.

New Feminine Occupation Inaugurated
at a Match Between Champions.

A new employment for girls is suggested by a golf competition which took place yesterday on the Sheffield Club links. Braid, Vardon, Taylor, and Williamson, all famous players of the game, were competing, and all the caddies were girls.

This is the first time that girls have been so employed in an important match in England, though recently on the links near Calais some girls proved themselves quite equal to the task.

There seems to be no reason why a girl should not fulfil the duties fully as well as a boy. No great amount of endurance is required, as the work is by no means exacting; moreover, it is eminently a healthy pursuit.

A moderate amount of intelligence and knowledge of the game is, of course, necessary. A caddy who handed a player a "driver" when a "mashie" was required would not be appreciated.

This knowledge, however, is a matter of practice. The only objection likely to be raised to their being thus employed—apart from that of the boy caddies—would come from choleric players whose remarks upon a foolish shot might be considered unfit for feminine ears.

MILLION POUND GIFT.

Lord Iveagh Makes Another Splendid Donation
for the Benefit of the Poor.

Lord Iveagh, who has given over a million pounds for philanthropic objects, is now handing over Iveagh House, Dublin, for the use of poor people.

On the principle of Rowton House in London, this new institution will contain accommodation for more than five hundred single men at 3s. 6d. a week, while food will also be obtainable at very cheap rates.

The following is a list of some of his great gifts:—

To assist scientific research	£250,000
To improve sanitary part of Dublin	350,000
For the Guinness Trust, Hammersmith (to house London poor)	250,000
To the Jenner Institute of Medicine	250,000
To Dublin Hospitals	50,000
To Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund	12,500

And in addition to these and other splendid gifts he equipped a field hospital during the South African war.

ACADEMY BEAUTY.

Engagement Announced of a Lady Twice
Painted by Mr. Sargent, R.A.

The engagement is just announced of Miss Ena Wertheimer, one of the two daughters of the well-known art-dealer, Mr. Asher Wertheimer.

Mr. Sargent's art immortalised her in a famous picture, which attracted just as much interest at the Paris Salon as it did at Burlington House.

He painted her again for this year's exhibition, under the title of "A Yule Gossip," a beautiful woman shielding the lower part of her face with a Spanish mantilla, over which her brilliant and seductive eyes gleam with fascinating effect.

Miss Wertheimer is to marry a Mr. Mathias, nephew of the distinguished chemist, Dr. Ludwig Mond, who is a notable art-collector himself, and owns, among other great pictures, a Raphael and a Botticelli.

Mr. Sargent, it will be remembered, has painted during the last few years, all the members of the Wertheimer family. Mr. Wertheimer, with his black poodle, Mrs. Wertheimer, their eldest son, their two daughters, and their three youngest children, also with their dogs.

"SCORCHING" TRAMCARS.

Proposal to Quicken the Pace on the L.C.C.
Lines.

"London County Council tramcars must go faster."

The idea originated with the Deptford Borough Council, and was adopted by the London County Council, with the result that Lieut-Colonel Yorke is now to report upon the proposal to the Board of Trade.

Twelve miles an hour in the day-time, and fourteen at night is at present the average speed of the cars.

"This is quite fast enough, and we don't want to go a bit faster," a tramcar driver told the *Daily Mirror*.

This opinion is endorsed by most drivers of vehicles and a large section of the travelling public. Residents along the tramcar routes are practically unanimous in saying the cars travel quite fast enough.

Almost complete is the scheme for the foundation of English University scholarships for American women, each of which will be worth £200 per year.

KING ALCOHOL DETHRONED.

Britons. Acquiring a Taste for Light,
Innocuous Drinks.

POPULAR "MINERALS,"

There seems to be every justification for the theory advanced in a London police court on Wednesday that Britons, who for years have been among the world's biggest drinkers of alcoholic beverages, are rapidly changing their habits and becoming very moderate drinkers.

The imports of wine into the United Kingdom last year showed a decrease of more than 2,000,000 gallons.

Assuming the decrease to continue at the same rate the wine trade in England would be dead in less than ten years.

Two big restaurant and hotel companies, Messrs. Spiers and Pond and the Gordon Hotels, report a decrease in their revenue. The year has been a bad hotel year, and Messrs. Spiers and Pond produce remarkable figures showing the economy now being practised in the consumption of wines and spirits.

On the twelve months' returns the reduction from the previous year's sales amounted to 4,000 bottles of wine, 7,500 gallons of spirits, 4,500 bottles of liqueurs, 32,000 gallons of beer, and 64,000 bottles of beer.

This is no question of any reduction in the number of customers. The figures have been examined and they show an average expenditure of 4d. less per meal.

While in one establishment 1,331 more luncheons were supplied the receipts were £150 less than in the previous year.

The saving was almost entirely in liquors.

Abstinent M.P.s.

Members of Parliament are also growing more temperate.

Champagne has greatly fallen off in the estimation of M.P.s, and whisky is almost out of fashion. Light foreign beers, cider, light claret and hocks, and barley-water are the favourite beverages.

Barley-water is rapidly becoming popular, and is now on sale at many of the London clubs.

Messrs. Idris, of mineral water fame, estimate that in London alone on a hot day fully 6,000,000 ten-ounce bottles of various mineral waters are consumed.

"This is taking the ten-ounce bottles as an average and working out the siphons to the same basis. 'Certainly the consumption of these beverages is rapidly on the increase.'"

The workman appears to be giving up his beer in favour of ginger-beer, ginger-ale, orange champagne, cream soda, kool, and many other new minerals now placed on the market by makers, who find their efforts well rewarded.

"Mineral-water makers are springing up in all parts," said a big manufacturer of mineral-water plant.

Soda Fountains Everywhere.

The manager of the American Soda Fountain Company told the *Daily Mirror* that in England soda fountains are becoming as general as in America.

"Among chemists and confectioners our business increases every year. Ten years ago soda fountains were a rarity. Now you find them everywhere."

Out of twenty-five customers at a druggist's shop in the City yesterday the *Daily Mirror* counted seventeen purchasers of beverages from the soda fountain. There were forty varieties on the list, including egg phosphates and fruit syrups.

"Taking all liquids into account, including water," said a well-known retail specialist to the *Daily Mirror*, "the average consumption per head is as great if not greater than in the old wine-bibbing days."

"The old idea that it is harmful to drink water freely is exploded, and physicians prescribe for sedentary patients abundant draughts of plain water."

"Thousands of persons drink a pint or a quart of water before bed, besides at other hours of the day."

WRONG ROAD TO POPULARITY.

It was in order, he said, to secure popularity by spending money upon friends that George Allen, a coal merchant's manager, of Warrington-road, Westbourne Park, misappropriated his employers' cash.

He was sent to prison for three months at Marylebone yesterday.

FORTUNE IN PEARLS.

Upwards of £8,000 was obtained by a lady for her jewellery at Christie's yesterday.

One pearl necklace was knocked down for £3,150, and a tiara set with pear-shaped brilliants realised £1,050.

HIS WIFE'S PRAYER.

Self-Confessed Murderer of a Demented
Woman Adjudged Insane.

At Guildford Assizes yesterday Walter James Harry Clapham, wheelwright's assistant, was found guilty of the murder of his wife, Bessie, at Horton Asylum, on May 15.

At the same time it was found that Clapham was insane, and he was ordered to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

It was shown that Clapham and his wife lived most happily together until after the birth of their second child, when it became necessary to remove Mrs. Clapham to the asylum.

From there she had written piteous letters beseeching her husband to bring something and enable her to kill herself.

Replying to one of these letters, Clapham wrote: "Your letter has upset me very much. It is pleading for that one thing which, if possible, I must avoid doing while I have the power of mind."

On May 15, however, Clapham visited his wife and the pair were left alone together. When the nurse returned he told her that his wife was dead, and that he had cut her throat with a razor.

The defence raised was that Clapham was insane, a view supported by the evidence of Dr. Scott, of Brixton Prison.

LOST LIVELIHOODS.

How Conviction for a Minor Offence May
Mean Ruin to a Brewer's Tenant.

Mr. O. Hanson, who was yesterday defending two licence-holders charged at the West London Police Court with permitting gaming on their premises, succeeded on a curious plea in getting them merely bound over.

The effect of conviction, said Mr. Hanson, in cases where the licensees held their houses on tenancy from the brewers was that the holders were turned out "ack-and-scrap" by the brewers, and lost not only their means of livelihood but the greater part of the money they had invested in the houses.

He would therefore ask the magistrate to say the offences were too trivial for conviction, under the Summary Jurisdiction Act, and order the payment of costs only.

The Magistrate: I cannot say they are trivial cases, although I have no wish to exaggerate the offences. If the cases went no further than this court I should inflict a penalty, because I think the cases are such as to deserve it; but when I am told that conviction has such grave results I naturally shrink from convicting. The only course open to me is to bind the defendants over to come up for judgment if called upon.

SOMALILAND HERO.

How Lieutenant Carter Won the V.C. He
Will Receive To-morrow.

For a display of daring not excelled by the Paladins of old, Lieutenant H. A. Carter, the son of a Cornish clergyman, will receive the V.C. at today's investiture.

One night last December he rode out with a small reconnaissance party in Somaliland. His men exchanged shots with some of the Mullah's forces and then discovered the enemy were in overwhelming force. Twice the British force was beaten back, and at last they left a wounded Sikh lying on the ground surrounded by twenty of the enemy.

Lieutenant Carter rode back, shot the chief, and drove away his men. From a few yards' range they fired at him again and again, but he seemed to bear a charmed life.

After three attempts he got the Sikh on his horse and took him back amid a shower of bullets to the camp two miles away.

TEETH-MARK TEST.

Yet Another Identification Terror for Evil-
doers.

Teeth-marks, as a rival to finger-prints in methods of identification, are likely to figure in a case in Glasgow, in which a man is charged with burglary.

The police claim that they have traced this man by means of teeth-marks found on a piece of wax discovered in the burgled house.

The prisoner was arrested on a charge of being drunk and incapable, and, because certain missing articles were found on him, the teeth-mark test was applied with success, and he will now be charged with the burglary.

SAVED BY A SMALL BOY.

Accompanied by his father, Fred Arnold, the twelve-year-old boy who dramatically crossed at the West London Police Court, in order to save a sailor charged with knocking down a man with an iron bar, was in court yesterday.

The father confirmed the story, and the accused man was allowed to go.

LIVE 100 YEARS.

Sir James Crichton Browne Pro-
mises Everyone a Century.

DON'T HUSTLE.

"Live quietly, by insuring your life, compose your mind, don't drink much alcohol, don't worry, and, above all, don't hustle, and—you shall live to the age of 100 years."

Such was the encouraging promise held out by Sir James Crichton Browne in his address to the London Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health yesterday.

"Everyone," he said, "is entitled to a century of life, and every child should be brought up with this idea firmly fixed in his mind. He should from the first be taught to expect a full hundred years, and should be shown how to attain that age."

"To live to 100 is by no means so unusual a feat as might be supposed. No fewer than fifty-three people over that age died in 1903, of whom thirty-seven were men and sixteen women. In another year 12,381 persons died at a greater age than eighty-five, and many of these were nearly 100."

Rules for Long Life.

Sir James went on to simplify the rules which must be observed to attain this end. First of all, the start must be a good one. People must be well-fed and cared for in infancy, poverty must be diminished by the finding of regular employment, alcohol must be drunk only in very small quantities, life must be simple and tranquil—and, again, above all, the American hustling system must be banished from the land.

He delivered a crushing blow against the "too old at forty" cry. So far from this being the case, he said, very many poets and statesmen, as well as other workers, have not only done good work after forty, but have not done their best work till after that age. That is, of course, if we start life properly and continue it properly.

MAGISTRATE STONEBREAKER.

Mr. Fordham Figures as an Expert Regarding
the "Task Work" of Paupers.

"I have tried this stone-breaking," said Mr. Fordham at the North London Police Court yesterday, "and find it difficult unless one knows the knack. Those who have the knack, no doubt, can break the stones with no extreme labour."

In the case calling for this remark, Mr. Tilley, who prosecuted, pressed for heavy punishment. Since, he said, Mr. Fordham had made certain remarks about the stone-breaking, the authorities had had great difficulty with some of the paupers at the Islington Workhouse. In many instances they refused to do the work, and said: "Take me before Mr. Fordham."

"Where I find a man who can do the work refusing to do it," said Mr. Fordham, "I shall hold that he should be thoroughly well-punished." In the case under his consideration he inflicted a month's hard labour.

"PROVERBS" FAILURE.

Bankruptcy Attributed to the Host of Claims
in Popular Competition.

The affairs of Symonds' London Stores, Limited—a concern which has come into public prominence because of their "Proverbs" competition—were placed before the creditors and shareholders in the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

The chairman reported that the net loss of the company, which was incorporated in June, 1904, was £14,853. The company did a large business, and issued a publication called "Pleasure," in which they included what were known as proverb competitions, and many competitors who claimed to be entitled to prizes had sued the company.

Judgment amounting to £242 had been obtained, and the Official Receiver had received notice of about 400 claims, which would average about £10 each. The failure was ascribed to the fact of the judgments having been obtained against the company, although a test case was now under appeal.

SPOIL OF GOLD RINGS.

After eluding the police for three years, William Anderson, a man of many aliases and a bad record in jewellery thefts, has been captured.

No fewer than 275 gold rings and valuables worth £243 were concerned in a charge against him at the Tower Bridge Police Court yesterday, by Mr. W. C. Spikins, his former employer, of the Old Kent-road.

The Hon. Hugh O'Neill, second son of Lord O'Neill, was yesterday chosen a Conservative candidate for Stockport.

DIED OF LONELINESS.

Desolate Young Clerk Takes His Life
in a Frenzy of Despondency.

"Surrounded by millions of fellow creatures, he died of loneliness."

Such might have been the verdict of the coroner's jury who yesterday inquired into the death of Louis Zechow, a young Swede, who was found strangled by a towel in his lodgings at Walworth.

He was a lad of only nineteen years. He spoke English perfectly, was well equipped for a commercial life, and came to London from Sweden to answer an advertisement for a clerk, hoping, as so many others hope, to make his fortune in this great city.

But he was a reserved youth, and he made no acquaintances. No one ever called to see him, and he hardly ever spoke to the people of the house. The terrible loneliness of the great city, which appeals a man coming from a district where all the people know each other, sank into his soul and unthumbed his brain. His isolation, accentuated by the thousands of people who passed him daily without the slightest interest, was too much for him.

He wandered about for weeks in London seeking work, then abandoned himself to despair.

Coming from a futile search for employment and sitting down, he drew the desolate, depressing view he could see from his window. The sketch of dingy roofs, broken only by chimney-pots and telegraph wires, and inexpressibly dreary to a man accustomed to fields and trees, he transferred to paper. Then on the back of the sketch he wrote:—

"If you do not write to my father, please wire to the Swedish Consul, who knows my father, and tell him. God help me!"

Late the next morning his room door was broken open, and he was found sitting dead in his chair leaning forward with a suspended towel around his neck.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide while mentally deranged.

RIOT ON PLEASURE STEAMER.

Six Passengers Held Up the Bar and Finally
Have To Be Placed in Irons.

An extraordinary scene of semi-riot, which took place on the steamer *Vulture*, plying between Belfast and Ardrossan, was described yesterday at the police court of the latter town.

Six men boarded the steamer at Belfast. They fraternised with the other passengers in a most cordial manner, and all went well until one of them was accused of an attempt to pick pockets.

This was the signal for a remarkable disturbance. The six absolutely ran amok. They took possession of the bar, and for a time were masters of the situation.

So serious was the outbreak that the crew had to organise a campaign against them, and, after a fierce fight, the riot was quelled. Finally the men had to be put in irons.

Yesterday the Ardrossan Bench fined five of them £2 apiece, or thirty days in default.

EXCURSION BRAKE ABLAZE.

Thirty Children Rescued in the Midst of a
Crowded Thoroughfare.

Flames burst from a large brake carrying thirty children along the Whitechapel-road yesterday. The clothing of the little ones caught alight, and for a time they were in terrible danger.

A number of brakes were carrying children for an excursion in Epping Forest. Near the church the tarpaulin roof of one of them suddenly blazed. The screaming children tumbled over each other in their attempts to get out, while sparks from the burning canvas fell upon their clothes.

People rushed to the rescue, the little ones were helped out, and the flames extinguished before any were seriously hurt, but many had their clothing damaged.

The cause of the fire is unknown.

GOOD ROADS BLAMED.

An ingenious plea put forward on behalf of Lord Kenyon, of the Local Government Board, who was fined £5 and costs at Kingston yesterday, was that the Surrey roads were so good that motorists could not tell when they were exceeding the speed limit.

Children of Royalty.

A series of rare, delightful Photographs—one interesting feature out of many in the JULY

'London' MAGAZINE.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE. 4½d.

CONEY ISLAND AT SOUTHEND.

Famous American Resort To Be
Reproduced in England.

A POLAR RAILWAY.

Next summer London will have a "Coney Island" that will rival the famous resort of New York.

The two enterprising American gentlemen who have formulated the scheme have decided upon Southend as the site for their experiment, as being the most suitable seaside resort within a short distance of London.

A large area with an extensive beach frontage has been secured near the Kursaal, and here will be reproduced all the amusements that have made the name of Coney Island known all over the world.

There will be a miniature harbour, with a bathing beach of clean sand. A gigantic water-chute will drop its chuters, not into an artificial pond, but into the waters of the sea itself.

The promenade, or "board walk," will make the circuit of the pleasure ground, and promenaders will be tempted at intervals by the most alluring side-shows.

A Polar railway, which runs amid ice hammocks and drifts of artificial snow, is to be lit with electric lights of every hue. The effect will be glittering and beautiful beyond conception.

"BUMPING THE BUMPS."

"Bumping the bumps" is an elaboration of one of childhood's favourite amusements. The bumper, seated on a square of carpet, slides down a plane of highly-polished wood, with a protuberance here and there, to give the sensation a spice of variety.

A large pavilion for dancing, bands in "sunken pits," scenic railways, loop railways, captive balloons and airships, and every imaginable device will be provided for tickling the palate of the jaded Londoner.

On the miniature harbour, craft of all kinds will be plying, from the Venetian gondola to the modern motor-boat.

The lighting of the pleasure ground will be accomplished by a new invention, which produces the effect of a sophisticated fairyland.

Ample capital has already been provided for the scheme.

DIRTY RAG AS SIGNAL.

German Cruiser's Impudent Way of Greeting the Kaiser.

To acknowledge the presence of the Kaiser at Kiel regatta the assembled warships hoisted certain signal flags. One small cruiser, the Frauenlob, displayed instead of a flag a large and extremely dirty cloth.

The Kaiser's indignant inquiry elicited the fact that by this means the crew sought to draw their monarch's attention to certain grievances.

The Kaiser ordered the Frauenlob out of the harbour forthwith, declaring that he never wished to see again a vessel on which there was such a lack of discipline.

Commenting on the incident, the "Neueste Nachrichten" remarks that such accidents happen in the best-regulated fleets, as witness the British Navy.

MODERN JOAN OF ARC.

Schoolgirl Burned at the Stake During Amateur Theatricals.

While enacting the part of Joan of Arc in some school theatricals, a Dantzic schoolgirl named Anna Hoerter was burned alive at the stake.

It had been arranged that the girl should be bound to a stake, around which were strewn shavings coloured to represent fire. After speaking some lines she was to be released, when a bonfire would be made of the shavings and stake.

But a companion, actuated by jealousy, it is said, kindled the shavings while Anna was still bound to the stake.

The other girls rushed to save their friend, but their own clothing caught fire, and before assistance could be procured the mock Joan of Arc was so seriously burned that she afterwards died.

SURPRISE FOR ANGLERS.

Anglers have marvelled at the number of carp, roach, and perch landed from the Mount Pond, Clapham. One fish recently caught exceeded 4lb. weight.

The explanation is said to be that anglers living in the neighbourhood make a practice of catching fish elsewhere and placing them in the pond.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Tennyson's beautiful birthplace at Somersby, Lincolnshire, was put up for auction in London yesterday, but was withdrawn at £13,900, the reserve price not having been reached.

Five cases have been disposed of in two and a half minutes by a justice of the peace at Otley Police Court.

As a result of the Liverpool dock strike a thousand miners at the Brynkinalt and Black Park Collieries, Chirk (Denbigh), are idle.

At Machinhanish, in the Western Highlands, a tower 400 feet high is to be erected, by means of which wireless telegraphy will be carried on direct with Boston, U.S.A.

In Rochester Cathedral yesterday the enthronement took place of the new Bishop, the Right Rev. J. R. Harmer, who, upon the division of the diocese succeeds Dr. Talbot.

Liverpool Cathedral, when finished, will seat eight thousand people. It will cost three-quarters of a million, and will be larger than either St. Paul's or York Minster.

Mr. E. C. Baylis, of Sharples, an accountant and borough magistrate for Rotherham, was killed at Rotherham-road Station by a G.C.R. express from Sheffield to Doncaster yesterday.

When the newly-knighted Mayor of Salford returns from the investiture at Buckingham Palace on Monday he will visit various parts of the Lancashire borough in an illuminated tramcar.

Birkenhead magistrates faced a Gilbertian situation the other day. A man named William Howes was summoned before them for leaving his dog in the house without food for two days. "How could I look after the animal when I was locked up at Chester for creating a disturbance?" said Howes indignantly, and the case was dismissed.

Stoker William Thomas Grenfell, another of the men injured in the recent accident on board H.M.S. Implacable at Gibraltar, died yesterday.

One shave a week for paupers is sufficient, think the Barrow Guardians, who have accordingly cancelled their agreement with the local hairdressers.

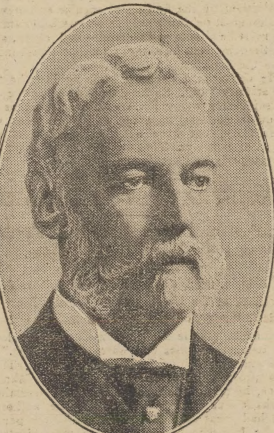
Unanimously the City Corporation decided yesterday to confer upon Viscount Selby, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, the freedom of the City of London.

Because a neighbour's cats had spoilt some of his work, a Wimbledon polisher gave them a shower-bath of varnish on their next visit. His fine and costs totalled 30s.

Mr. Plowden made no comment at Bow-street yesterday when a woman named Bachut was brought before him charged with being found intoxicated on the pavement.

Too weak to extricate himself from the debris of a wall which crashed upon him as he rested on Bootle Fell, in Cumberland, a poor tramp named Howard lay four weary nights and days in a premature grave until discovered by a party of farmers. He only survived his rescue a few hours.

EARL COWPER DEAD.



Earl Cowper was best known as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1880 to 1882, under Mr. Gladstone's administration. There is no heir to the earldom, which lapses at his death.

Estate of the gross value of £231,476 was left by Mr. Charles Churchill, of Weybridge Park, Surrey, late head of a City firm of timber brokers.

Mr. Hall Caine was one of a deputation of representatives of the Manx House of Keys which waited upon Mr. Akers-Douglas at the Home Office yesterday to confer on reforms proposed in the Isle of Man.

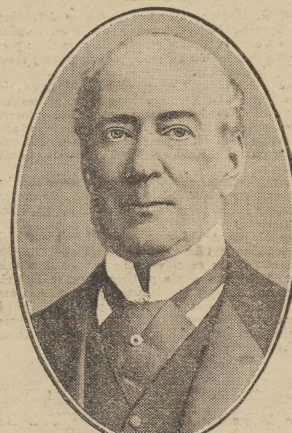
Thirteen thousand times in twenty-one years has Mr. Killen, in the capacity of luggage guard, crossed the Channel on the L. and N.W. Holyhead and North Wall boats. He is now retiring on a well-earned pension.

Stirred by the recent discussions in the country on the subject of dogging boys in the Navy, the Admiralty intend appointing a Departmental Committee to revise the procedure of naval courts-martial and the powers of punishment vested in officers.

Mrs. Ann Wright, who has just died in Liverpool, had lived during five different reigns. Her father and uncle were two of Lord Nelson's heroes at Trafalgar, and her grandfather assisted to design and build the first steamer that ever sailed from the Mersey.

Addressed "Messrs. the Russian Government, Dry Dock, Dalny, Manchuria, China," a letter was posted by a Cardiff firm in March last. It has just been returned to the senders with the significant inscription on the envelope, written by the Japs, "Return to sender. Left!"

SIR ALBERT DE RUTZEN



Has just completed his twenty-ninth year as London magistrate. Since 1901 he has enjoyed the distinction of being chief magistrate of metropolitan police courts.

It is announced that a marriage has been arranged between Viscount Brackley, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, and Violet, eldest daughter of the Hon. F. W. and Mrs. Lambton.

Drought in various parts of Yorkshire continues, and numerous villages are in a sad plight. Owing hampets are suffering most, and many poor country people have to dispense with a morning wash for lack of water.

Published in Edinburgh, the "Braille Weekly," for the blind, is the latest form of newspaper enterprise. It is a penny, sixteen-page paper, and sightless readers who secured the first number read it eagerly and with no difficulty.

After the celebration of their forthcoming marriage at Pyle Church, a Newport (Mon.) lady and gentleman have, by way of novelty, arranged to hold the wedding breakfast in the ancient town hall of the old borough of Kenfig, Glamorgan.

Expressing their Majesties' high appreciation of the Sheffield Festival Chorus, who sang at the opening of the University of Sheffield, and of the way in which he conducted, a letter from Buckingham Palace has been received by Dr. H. Coward.

Parliamentary powers for the construction of a marine lake at Cleethorpes are being sought by the Great Central Railway, and the urban council have agreed to grant an annual subsidy of £175, which will be paid back by the company in rates.

ENGLISH GOLD GOING ABROAD.

Slackness in Home Business Leads
to Foreign Investment.

HOME RAILS DOWN.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—Money continues so easy as to be described by the bankers as unendurable. Once more, however, it has to be recorded that it does not, for some reason, help the Stock Exchange. The truth is, there is so little doing, that a whisper of anything good or bad has its effect, and a whisper of anything bad has perhaps more than in the other case.

For instance, in the gilt-edged group it is quite a good depressing cry to announce that gold is going abroad. To-day they had such an item. It was said that half a million might be going to South America in connection with the Argentine conversion scheme. It served as an excuse for making Consols dull at 90½. The Bank Return was a good one, and the Reserve is £353,000 up. The Bank rate is unchanged.

Then there has been a great deal of liquidation going on in Home Rails to-day. Some people said it was due to yesterday's failure, stock on which loans had been raised coming to market. It was certainly something of the kind. Moreover, the recent traffics have not been cheering, and so the dealers are quite ready to "crab" Home Rails. That is why everybody will find Home Railways stocks down as the result of the day's business. Dover "A" was very flat at the finish.

But there is one exception. Sheer lung power on the part of one dealer got Metropolitan up to 92. This was in spite of talk of strained relations with the District Line.

AMERICAN LID STILL ON.

There was not enough business at first really to test American Rails. Apparently the wire-pullers do not wish to push things too far, and they are merely waiting to get the American public back from their summer holidays. The Union Pacific dividend was announced after hours as 5 per cent.

From the way some people talked a few days ago one might have thought that the market would have the lid off if it proved a good one, but without the public, not much will be done. The close was firm, especially Steels.

It looks as though the safety valve will have to come into operation in the Foreign Railway group. There is a little steam to be let off. There has been too much pressure in many of these securities, and perhaps the "House" speculative account is quite big enough in some of them. At all events, United of Havana Preferred was not quite so good.

JAPANESE KEEP STEADY.

Of Foreigners there is little to say. Notwithstanding more confident peace talk, Paris was not giving much assistance, and the market was generally a shade off colour. Prices are mostly lower. It applies to all the chief speculative favourites like Spanish and Rio Tinto. Russians are lower, but Japanese keep fairly steady. Greeks, Argentines, and Brazilians are the good spots.

There was very little variation until late in Kaffirs. There was no support, and one or two shares were offered, but generally speaking, the tone was fairly steady in the circumstances. Then came a sharp steep rally, the big houses buying, and prices being lifted. Some of the Egyptians were dull, and where there seemed to be any special weakness it was at once put down to yesterday's failure.

GAS LIGHT COMPANY DIVIDEND.

Of other markets there is little or nothing to say. Associated were the best spot in Westralians, being bid up on the cablegram which has come in remarkably opportunely just before the meeting, and minimises to some extent the pessimistic remarks of the manager in the report.

One or two outlying high-yielding investment shares seem to be attracting more attention. Thus, there was buying of Buenos Ayres and Belgrano Trams at 8½. Also, there seemed a better feeling for Docks. Coats were better again. There seemed to be buying of Iron, Coal, and Steel debentures of all kinds. Gas Light and Coke dividend is £4 8s. per cent. per annum, with £217,408 forward.

NOTICE.—To-morrow being a Stock Exchange holiday, we are informed that only the banking, industrial, insurance, and auction departments of the London and Paris Exchange, Ltd., will be open.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1903.

MEANINGLESS!

THE passing of the Aliens Bill is a good example of what can be done by the force of public opinion.

Neither Party wanted it. On the Conservative side the great majority disliked it, and strong influence was used against it by certain powerful families who bear, or once did bear, foreign names. It needed all the energy of such members as Major Evans-Gordon, to whom the principal credit is due, to defeat this sinister "pull."

The Liberals have been opposed to the measure all along, chiefly because it was brought in by their rivals in the contest for the spoils of office, but also because they are too muddle-headed to see that Britons have the first claim upon their own country.

Yet in spite of all opposition, veiled and open, Public Opinion forced the measure through. It was not so very difficult to get it passed when once the Government had been persuaded to introduce it a second time, for the arguments against it were of the feeblest character.

The kind of "reasoning" employed was well exemplified by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's last speech on the Bill just before it was read a third time. He said he objected to it because it drew a distinction between rich and poor, between the destitute and those who had money to spend when they came among us.

It is difficult to understand how the House of Commons can listen patiently to nonsense like that. The whole object of the measure is to keep out the destitute alien who, rejected by every other country in the world, is dumped upon our shores, filthy, ignorant, depraved, only to make the struggle for life harder and to end up probably in an English workhouse or an English gaol.

No one but a madman would either think it desirable or suppose it possible to prevent respectable foreigners from landing in Britain.

Yet this is all the so-called leader of the Liberal Party can say against the Bill in his final speech upon it—that it "sets up a distinction between rich and poor." It is impossible to argue with a man who talks like that—as impossible as it is to answer the "goo-goo" of a six-months-old baby or the meaningless chatter of a cockatoo.

B. R.

THE BUTTERFLY LIFE.

A story is being told of a titled lady who disappeared from Society for five weeks during the busiest time of the season without anybody noticing that she was not present as usual at dinner-parties, dances, race meetings, church parades, and so on.

She is a woman with a husband and two daughters. Between them they arranged that her little "rest-cure" should be kept a profound secret. And so it was. The only comment made when Lady "X" reappeared was by a close friend, who said, "My dear, I don't seem to have seen you for days!"

The story does not relate whether Lady "X" was disappointed at finding she could drop out so completely and not be missed. She must certainly be either very callous or very philosophical if the revelation of her own unimportance and her friends' lack of interest in her did not cause a pang of mortified self-esteem.

For that is really what the story shows—the hollowness of Society friendships and the uselessness of lives lived only for Society ends. Those who are justifying their existence could not leave their accustomed places for five days without arousing all kinds of feelings. What a melancholy reflection for the people whose names appear regularly in Society news that they are so completely outside real life as to attract no more attention when they leave the world than if they were grasshoppers or flies upon the pane.

E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

History shows that the majority of the men who have done anything great have passed their youth in seclusion.—*Heine*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE King is to be present at Sandown Park to-day to witness the great race for the Eclipse Stakes, and it naturally follows that a large and fashionable crowd will line the pretty racecourse. Mrs. Hwfa Williams will have many guests with her in her husband's box, which practically joins the Members' Grand Stand. Owing to the presence of the King the Royal Pavilion will be open, and here luncheon will be served for his Majesty and some especially invited guests. Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent have also friends staying with them for the meeting, and there will be a fine display of coaches belonging to the Coaching and Four-in-Hand Clubs.

Mr. and Mrs. Hwfa Williams are the moving spirits of Sandown Park races every year. Mrs. Williams, who is famous as one of the best-dressed women in society, has very original tastes, and gives very original entertainments. Her so-called

the thing ought to be done. She is unusually particular about etiquette, too. Everything has to be done according to rule and tradition.

Thus, to give a little instance, it was noticed some time ago at one of the Court balls that a white object lay upon the floor. That was extremely wrong of the object; and the Queen motioned to a Gentleman-in-Waiting. "Pick up that handkerchief," she said. "May it please your Majesty it is not a handkerchief; it is the lining of a hat." "Really! Pick it up at once and preserve it, in case the owner should ask for it." Imagine the unlucky owner asking for something which had broken a Court rule by being discovered on the floor!

The eldest son of Lord Stanley of Alderley, whose engagement to Miss Margaret Gordon, a great grand-daughter of Fanny Kemble, has just been announced, is still a few months under thirty. He is a barrister. His father has long been concerned with educational matters in England, and

before ten o'clock. "Rather cooler to-night," was the remark with which he saluted the member who had lost the bet.

Some of the reviews which have appeared in the papers of Walter Pater's "Essays from the *Guardian*" seem to imply that this is a new work by the great critic. The book has, of course, been published before in Messrs. Macmillan's "Edition of Looks," as the French phrase has been translated, of Pater's works. It was also privately issued in another form soon after his death. I do not think that Pater would have approved the publication. His fastidious sense of style would not have been satisfied in these essays. A delightful anecdote used to be told about him at Oxford showing how he loved the sound of certain words.

He was, you remember, a Don at Brasenose College. Asked one day to correct a number of essays, written by candidates for a scholarship, he languidly consented. When the Dons gathered together in Common Room to compare notes, Pater was asked what he thought of the essays. "None of them made any impression upon me." Then, to stimulate his memory, the names of the candidates who had written the essays were rehearsed to him. As each was read Pater remarked, in a bored voice, "I cannot recall him," or "he made no impression upon me." At the name "Sanctuary" was pronounced, Pater's face lit up. "Yes," he said, dreamily, "I remember—I liked his name!"

The engagement is just announced of Lord Brackley and Miss Violet Lambton. Lord Brackley is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, and his fiancée is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lambton. Lord Brackley is one of the most eligible young men of the day, his father being an enormously rich man and the owner of that magnificent palace in London, Bridgewater House. Like all the Egertons, he is very good-looking.

Last year Lord Brackley took a cricketing team to the West Indies, and he is an admirable sportsman all round. He saw service in South Africa with the 3rd Battalion of the Lothian Militia, and was a D.C. to General Sir William Knox. Miss Violet Lambton is an unmistakable Lambton, and extraordinarily like her cousin, Lady Muriel Herbert.

In connection with Bridgewater House there is a legend (whether true or not I do not know) that no ball can take place there unless a member of the Royal Family is present. Another curious thing is that no member of the family has a latch-key, for there is always a night porter to answer the bell.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Duke Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

DURING the whole of the past week he has been the centre of all the ceremonies and rejoicings which have made the little German town of Gotha unusually gay with flags and flowers. This week he has formally come to the age and solemnly taken over the government of his duchy.

His is a figure very familiar to the English public, and we can never regard him merely as a German Prince, one of the Kaiser's satellites, for his education was given him over here, those early, ineffaceable impressions which men always look back upon came here, and here his mother, the Duchess of Albany, now lives.

He went to Eton just like any other English boy belonging to wealthy parents, and his mother carefully stipulated that he should not be treated from a distance.

There was no need to make the stipulation. Stars, Orders, dignities, and titles—these things are nothing in the eyes of schoolboys. The young Duke of Albany was treated like anybody else, and enjoyed his school-days in consequence.

Then came the sudden change in his fortunes. The Duke of Connaught, when Duke Albert of Saxe-Coburg died, renounced the succession to the Duchy, and the Duke of Albany had to accept it in consequence. He had to be clothed in a German uniform, to drink beer, and respect the Kaiser—all things which were new to him and strange.

Whether he enjoyed the change or bewailed it, who can say? That is the pretty problem in the life of Princes—What do they do with their emotions? Is the young Duke to-day happy German, or does the English heresy prevail?

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 20.—As one watches the gay butterflies flitting from gorgeous flower to flower, while from the distance comes the low murmur of waving corn, how perfect the gifts of summer—beauty, sunshine, happiness—seem!

Stately hollyhocks open their flowers. Many may not know that their name comes from the Anglo-Saxon and means holy mallow, since they were first imported from the Holy Land.

The double and single flowers are both lovely plants to grow. If given a position to their liking (a damp one in summer) they attain a great height and are always much admired. E. F. T.

THE ALIENS BILL THROUGH AT LAST.



cottage at Coombe Springs, which was built on the land which belonged to the late Duke of Cambridge, is a miniature palace of wonders. There is a playful rusticity about accessories of life there which might deceive you into imagining that everything was extraordinarily simple and inexpensive. But even if the rooms are small, they are lined with the choicest tapestries, and the blue dishes which give a homely look to the old oak dresser are made of the rarest china one can buy.

To-day is the birthday of the Queen Dowager of Spain, one of the most hardily tried and courageous royalities in Europe. Her trials seem, however, to be fairly at an end, since her son is now firmly seated on his throne. Her long austere, and the self-control necessary to bring about this result, have made of the Queen Dowager a more forbidding person than she once was. She is still, I understand, far from popular in Spain. Perhaps her habit of distrusting everybody may be one of the causes of this.

She has clung with an unselfish tenacity to power for her son's sake so long that there is a certain dogmatic authority in her bearing. Evenings at the Palace in Madrid, the solemn receptions held there, bring out these characteristics. Sometimes a musician is asked to perform. If his execution does not quite satisfy her Majesty she has a way of sitting down at the piano and showing him how

was elected a vice-chairman of the London School Board in 1897. It was he, I think, who gave answer when the Duke of Devonshire, who is notoriously vague on all educational matters, asked him what an ex-P.T. was. "As everyone who knows anything about education is aware," he said, "an ex-P.T. is an ex-pupil teacher."

Everybody in club-land was glad to see Sir Cuthbert Quilter back in town yesterday, after his stay, in search of health, at Homburg. Sir Cuthbert's indisposition has prevented him from working quite as hard as usual lately but he is always a very energetic and versatile person. There was a story told about him some years ago which well illustrates his boundless activity. He had determined to attend a horse show in Birmingham, and at the same time not to be late in the House that evening. After the show had taken place and several of his horses had won prizes, he took the train back to London.

It was then six o'clock, and it was said that he had made a solemn bet with another member that he would be in the House of Commons by ten. He arrived at Euston some twenty or fifteen minutes before the hour, and the legend has it that, by changing cabs twice and proceeding at an altogether unheard-of speed across London, Sir Cuthbert managed to stride into the Lobby, where his friends were waiting, watches in front of them, well

NEWS by PHOTOGRAPHS

TRYING CLAIMANTS FOR THE DUNMOW FLITCH.

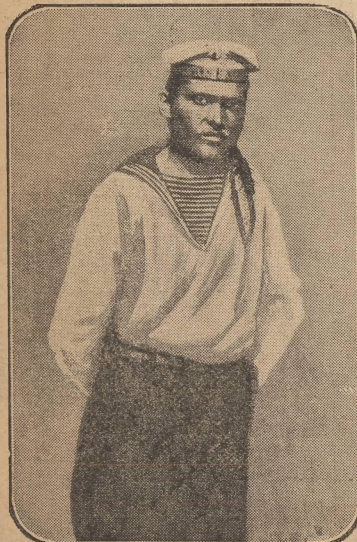


Photograph of the court during the Dunmow Flitch trials. Inserted are portraits of the Rev. Owen Jenkins and his wife, two of the successful claimants. Cross-examination failed to shake their assertion that they had spent a year of perfect harmony together, and the coveted flitch of bacon was duly awarded to them.



Chairing the successful claimants for the flitch of bacon at Dunmow. Two couples made good their claim to be regarded as models of domestic bliss, the Rev. Owen and Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. Frederick Noakes, a Ludlow engineer, and his wife.

RUSSIAN REBEL LEADER.



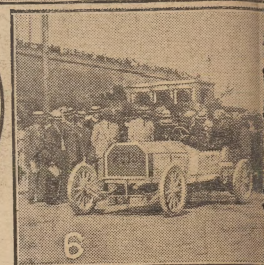
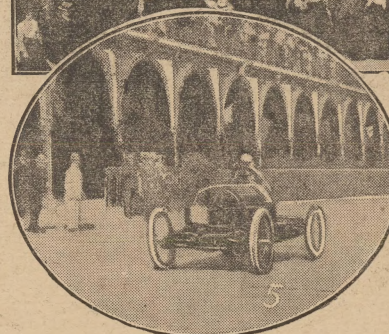
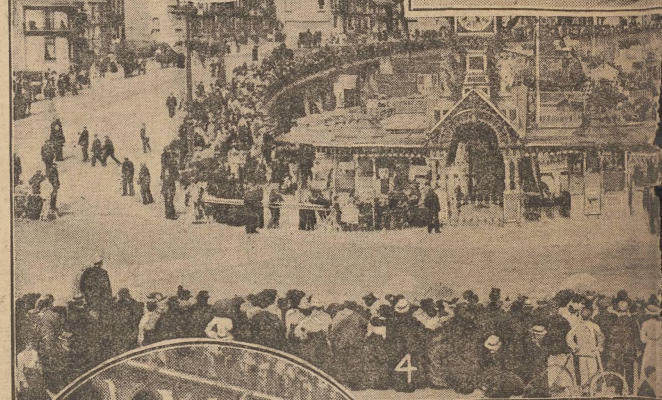
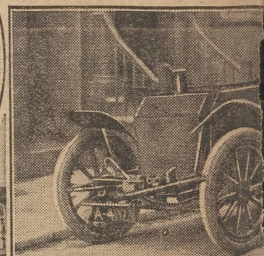
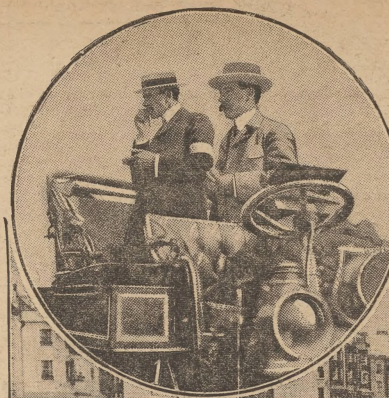
Matuschenko, the leader of the mutineers who obtained possession of the Russian battleship Kniaz Potemkin. He went ashore at Constantza when the vessel was handed over to the Rumanian authorities.

FIRING UNDER COVER.



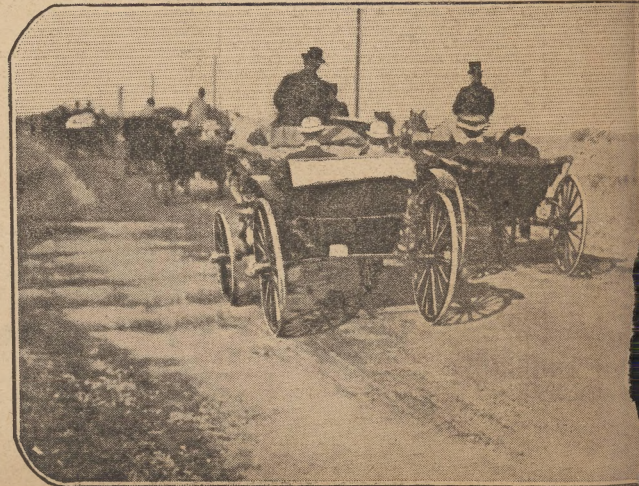
Mrs. Way, the Johannesburg markswoman, using the hyposcope at Bisley. It is an ingenious invention, which, as shown by the photograph, enables those who use it to aim and fire at the enemy while under cover.

Brighton Motor



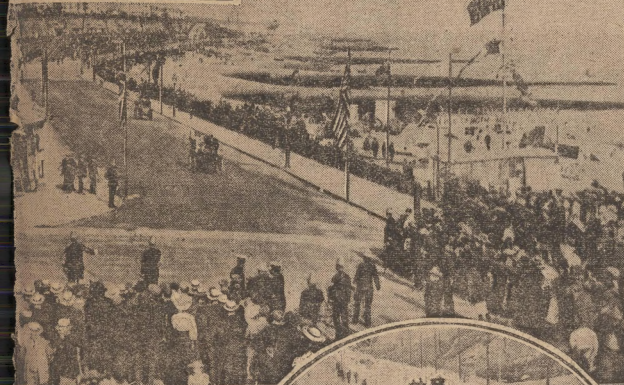
Brilliant weather has been favouring the first days of the Brighton motor-car carnival, and our photographs, No. 1 shows the time-keeper on the course; No. 2 is a portrait of Miss Do board and telephone; No. 4 is an excellent view of the course from the Aquarium end; No. 5 at over ninety miles an hour in one heat; No. 6 shows Mr. Theodore Schneider on his 100-h.p. car, which was won by the former; and No. 7 is another.

KING EDWARD HELD UP BY TRAFFIC ON HIS RETURN.



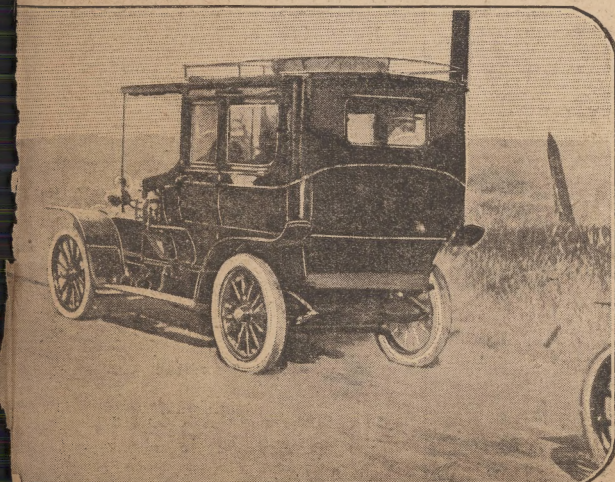
For the King to be delayed owing to congested traffic is a sufficiently unusual occurrence. His Majesty was returning in his motor-car from the racecourse to the Jockey Club when the jam occurred.

or Carnival



Thousands of spectators gathered to watch the racing on the splendid new course. Of the lady competitors, on her 80-h.p. Napier; No. 3 shows the notice was taken as Mr. Clifford Earp won the final in the racing-car contest, after travelling in a car, and Mr. L. C. Rawlence driving a 90-h.p. Mercedes, starting for their heat, which view of the course from the starting point.

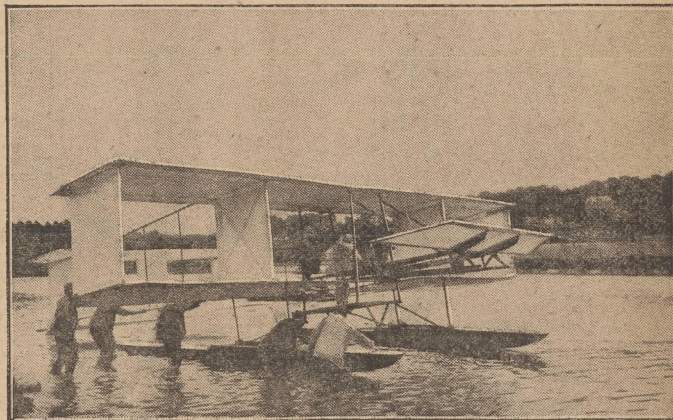
TURN FROM THE RACECOURSE AT NEWMARKET.



make the snapshot reproduced above particularly interesting. It was taken as his some little time elapsed before the police could get the road clear enough its way.

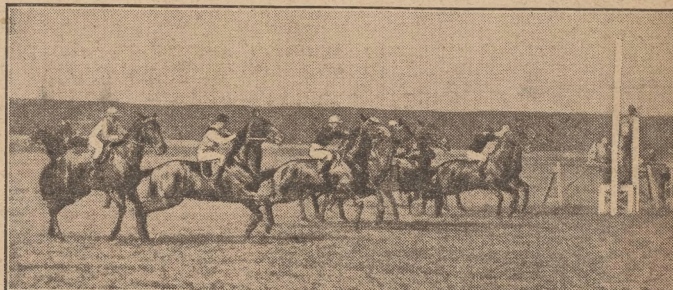
CAMERAGRAPHS

FRENCH AERONAUT'S NARROW ESCAPE.



While experimenting with his new aeroplane M. Voisin very nearly lost his life. Instead of rising from the water when towed along by a motor-boat the aeroplane turned turtle and sank with the aeronaut, who was entangled in the sort of wire cage attached to it. Fortunately he is a first-class swimmer and managed to get clear, though not without great difficulty.

START FOR THE JULY HANDICAP AT NEWMARKET.



After a fine race the July Handicap was won by Sir E. Vincent's Donnetta by a head, Mr. B. Ellam's Mouraviff being second, and Mr. H. J. King's Orchid only half a length behind.

YOUTHFUL ROYALTIES.



Prince Carol and Princess Elisabeth children of the Crown Princess of Rumania, who is now staying at Buckingham Palace on a visit to her uncle and aunt, King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

AT COVENT GARDEN TO-NIGHT.



Mme. Maud Theckla, the American soprano, who is to make her debut at Covent Garden to-night as Amelia in "Il Ballo in Maschera." This is by no means the least interesting of the first appearances which have characterised the present season.

"THE SUMMER GIRL."

Heavy Indictments of Those Who Indulge in Seaside Flirtations.

KISSES AND PROPOSALS.

I am an extremely happily married woman of thirty, and am greatly interested in the "Summer Girl" correspondence. I should like to tell "Perplexed" he is labouring under a delusion in writing that "there is scarcely a man existing who did not kiss his fiancée until after he proposed."

My husband certainly did not kiss me until I had accepted him and we were properly engaged. Had he attempted to kiss me before he certainly would never have been my husband.

I may add that I am neither possessed of a repulsive expression nor singular plainness of features.

I have a very eligible bachelor brother of thirty-five who would never dream of engaging himself to a girl who would make herself so vulgar with cheap as to go in for a summer seaside flirtation. No wonder there are the thousands and thousands of discontented, restless spinsters going about, never likely to get married at all. Why, they cut their own throats rushing after men as they do.

No husband worth having, or wife either, is ever gained and kept in this vulgar seaside flirtation of a fortnight.

VIOLET.

S. Kensington.

"CONCEITED MAN."

I should like to point out to your correspondent, "Rene Nellie Grace," that I never asserted in my letter that girls think men are as stupid as them.

On the contrary, they do not think so. That is why they work so hard to get them to marry them.

I maintain, further, not that girls are in love with men, but with matrimony. They do not care much whom they marry so long as they do get married. I should be a fool indeed if I imagined that the girls who flirt with one do so because of one's bright eyes. They do it because of one's money, one's comfortable house, and the prospect of being mistress of both.

MISOGYNIST.

South Audley-street, W.

RESPECTABLE PEOPLE SHOOKED.

It is high time that something should be done to put an end to the disgusting way the so-called "summer girl" behaves.

There may—or may not—be any harm in a little flirtation, but the way young women now conduct themselves at the seaside is shocking. A respectable person does not know where to look.

I have travelled all over Europe and in America, and have never seen the sights one sees here. In Germany and America the police would at once put a stop to this kind of thing.

It is such girls as "Gwenie" who make one lose one's respect for womanhood.

A WOULD-BE ADMIRER OF WOMEN.

Great Yarmouth.

MAGGIE'S CHATTER.

One does not totally change one's character and habits on a holiday.

Habits, surroundings, and the way one always lives and moves form a person's character.

I put it that all these people who cannot go to the seaside without making seaside acquaintances are made of the same material as a seaside engagement ring is generally made of, viz., brass.

Girls especially think it exciting when they have escaped from the parental eye to behave in a very silly way. They think, because they would like to talk to everybody, that everybody would like to talk to them.

The empty-headed male flats who make a bee-line for every skirt deserve the result they eventually obtain, which, as a rule, is maggie's chatter. I suppose they enjoy it.

NIMROD.

Grosvenor-crescent, Hunsanton.

GIRLS AND WOMEN WANTED.

Chances for Willing Workers in a Land Where Poverty is Rare.

By A CANADIAN FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

For the past few years we Canadian farmers have watched with pleasure and welcomed "the coming of the English." Evidently our necessity has been their opportunity.

There are hundreds here, comfortably located with farmers, sharing pleasures as well as labours with the sons of the household. They show themselves men of character, too. Seven Englishmen, for instance, all attending one little country church, have just agreed that liquor does them no good, and consequently have resolved to take no more of it.

But we want also English girls and women. There are thousands of homes here where girls could share all the pleasures and advantages of the family.

In Canada servant-girls (in the country) are treated as equals with the family, eating at the same table and going to church in the same con-

veyance. Many of them have the evenings or afternoons for sewing or fancy work.

Why will so many English suffer from abject poverty, such as we read of every winter, when there is work for all out here? We can hardly realise what poverty is, or what it means to be out of employment.

I am interested in charity, and I believe in giving to all of God's needy creatures; but to my mind the axe should be laid at the root of the tree.

Instead of asking charity, let people come to us. There is labour and room for all in this beautiful "Land of the Maple."

Now, Mr. Editor, I have never written anything for printing before, and I have no desire to become an author. But I have been impressed with two thoughts. One is the need of good, respectable, clean, willing girls or women in Canadian homes. I am a farmer's daughter, and have been asked to write facts of conditions to some popular English paper for publication.

The second thought I have is a desire to help the needy. Should this come under the notice of any young women desirous of coming to Canada I would cheerfully furnish any information gratis. I am safe in saying that fifty girls could find good homes in the township of East Gwillimbury.

(Miss) SARA CLARK.

My address is Stone Lodge, Ravenshoe, Ontario, Canada.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

BLACKSMITHS AND BAD LANGUAGE.

I quite agree with the schoolmaster who spoke of the bad language used by some farmers. I do not say they are all alike, but in many cases their language is disgusting and vile.

Many people nowadays who are particular about a clean outward appearance let the most revolting expressions come from their mouths. I am very sorry to find that some women—and even mothers—are as bad as men in this respect. I think some ink or smearing fluid ought to be squirted in their faces every time they make use of dreadful words.

Bush Hill Park, Enfield. E. J.

CLERGYMEN AND THE BIBLE.

Pardon me, as a Catholic, for dissenting from your article with the above heading. Nothing can "harm" (in the ordinary acceptance of the term) the Catholic Church, which is infallible and invulnerable.

The Pope is only "infallible"—he goes to confession himself—when he makes a pronouncement "ex cathedra" on an important question voicing and confirming the ruling of the whole Catholic Church of Christ.

The Bible, as interpreted by the Catholic Church, is, of course, infallible. No Catholic would ever dream of questioning it. We have a reason for the faith that is in us. E. B. I. L.

JUSTICE TOO BLIND.

Here is an example of up-to-date "commercial honesty." I purchased a cigarette-case in the Strand, the shopman guaranteeing it to be solid gun-metal. After a few days' use I suspected it, and tested it, finding that it was not gun-metal at all.

I took it back to the shop and was informed that I had a legal remedy if not satisfied.

I consulted a solicitor, who informed me that a criminal prosecution would probably fail unless I could prove that the shop assistant knew he was committing a fraud when he sold me the case, and that a civil suit would leave me a dead loser of about 45 if I won.

Commercial honesty of this variety appears to consist in keeping out of reach of any tribunal.

Rowley Park, Stafford. SOLD.

PHYSICAL DEGENERATION.

"Matter of Fact" fails to grasp the fact that our social and industrial conditions are the outcome of laws and regulations made by a rich class of men in the interest of their own class.

The reason that the masses are poor, and that thousands of children are born under wretched conditions, surrounded by evils which blast their lives at birth, is that they are robbed of their natural rights. Our social system makes degenerates.

"Matter of Fact" appears to imagine that our social conditions cannot be altered, and talks about "crying for the moon." Does he believe that God made the present conditions, and that all this misery and suffering exists because it is His wish? The working classes, if they possessed sufficient intelligence could soon bring about a condition of things whereby everyone would have a fair chance to live a decent life.

W. B. RAMSEY.

Tiverton-street, Grimsby.

MISS MABEL LOVE AS "BEAUTY."

A pretty feature has now been added to the 3 to 5 and 9 to 11 performances at the Coliseum, in the shape of a fairy song-scene entitled "The Wishing Girl," or "Beauty's Bower."

Miss Mabel Love as Beauty discovered reposing on a couch of flowers. The Fairy Flo enters, and confers upon her the right to have five wishes granted. Beauty straight away begins to wish in a charming song by Mr. Walter Slaughter, and at the end of this, one of the wishes—in the shape of a lover—appears upon the scene, and both join in a duet.

The scene is elaborately mounted and wins hearty applause.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding.

MR. DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

Frank Chester came to London to have an interview with the great Vincent Devenish, of the Blue Star Line, who had offered him a start in life.

During the interview Devenish called away for a moment, and Chester catches sight of the bank-notes for £20,000 which Mr. Dexter, the great man's cashier, had laid upon the table, done up in parcels of £2,000 each.

Fascinated by the sight of so much money, Chester makes his "one false step"—he takes up one of the parcels of notes to experience the sensation of handling so much money, and before he can replace them Eve Daintree, Devenish's daughter, who is already known to him, enters.

Chester, in his confusion, thrusts the notes into his pocket, and during the while Daintree and Mr. Dexter have an opportunity of returning them.

He is therefore reduced to consulting the notes, when he leaves Devenish's office, to his friend, Tom Mayfield, who suggests a means of securing them.

Mayfield disappears altogether, however, and Chester, who waits in vain for him, is only kept by Queenie Mayfield, Tom's sister, who persuades him to wait for Tom's return until the morning.

In the morning Dexter, the cashier, appears. He explains that he saw the accidental thief, and offers to lend Chester £2,000 in exchange for an I.O.U. He declares that this will be an excellent investment, since Chester is certain to become his employer, and to marry the daughter of Devenish.

Chester falls into the trap, and thus slings a mill-stone round his neck.

Meanwhile Queenie Mayfield warns him mysteriously against falling into Dexter's power, and her warning is repeated by Eve Daintree, who confesses her hatred for Dexter when she meets Chester at Devenish's office in the morning.

It soon becomes evident that both Eve Daintree and Queenie Mayfield are falling in love with Chester.

Meanwhile, Tom Mayfield is found wounded by some villain in a heap of rubbish near some demolished buildings in the Strand, and is taken by one of them, Joe Bates, to his rooms in a model lodging-house.

Chester, who continues the search for him, is asked by Mr. Devenish one morning to fetch a bottle of medicine from the library. As he enters the room he notices a suspicious movement on the part of Dexter, whom he finds standing by the mantelpiece where the bottle is.

Hesper Mordaunt entraps Queenie to a house where she supposes him to take place, but she finds Mordaunt alone, however, and has a violent scene with him, in the course of which she falls and cuts herself.

Chester falls that day at the flower shop, he finds Queenie's assistant in the shop. Eve Daintree's carriage draws up while they are talking together.

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

"Will you please tell Queenie how grieved I am to hear of her accident," Chester was saying as the carriage drew up outside. "I shall call round to-night, Miss Peyton. It's rather like sending coals to Newcastle," he added, pointing to a bowl of glorious roses; "but would you send those to her?"

He pencilled a sympathetic message on his card. "You're not keeping anything back from me?" he asked suddenly, as he handed the card to Pollie Peyton. There was an anxious look in his eyes.

Pollie laid his card on the counter.

"No; I'm not keeping anything back; but the doctor says she is altogether run down, and needs a change."

With feelings that were a mixture of a heart-ache and fierce indignation, Chester turned from the counter. That brother of hers was at the bottom of all this!

But, a moment later, his pulses quickened. Eve swept gracefully into the shop. Her finely curved eyebrows expressed momentary surprise; then she laughed lightly.

"Why, Mr. Chester, I am always finding you here. If you will wait a minute, I'll drive you home."

She stepped up to the counter.

"Oh, Miss Peyton," she said, without any form of greeting.

"What you or Miss Mayfield to do the table."

Her eyes fell on Chester's card. He wrote distinctly. She read what was written before she could prevent herself.

"Much grieved to hear of your accident. Please accept these with my deepest sympathy. May I hope to see you this evening?"

"Miss Mayfield," said Pollie with frigid dignity, "has unfortunately met with an accident, but I shall be free to undertake the decoration."

"Oh, I am sorry to hear about Miss Mayfield. I want the colour-scheme to be dark blue, and the flowers corn-flowers."

She turned to Chester.

"It's the same old Harrow match, you know. Major Ruthven's young brother plays for Harrow, and Major Ruthven dines with us on Saturday."

Chester had not the honour of Major Ruthven's acquaintance, but he had a very distinct recollection of a distinguished-looking, sun-bronzed man on board the launch, who seemed deeply engrossed with Eve, what time the punt was moored alongside.

"I hope Miss Mayfield will soon be better," said Eve, with a sudden development of sympathy.

(Continued on page 11.)

METZLER PIANO PLAYER

For **4/6** PER WEEK. NOTE PRESENTATION

TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

We give to every one who takes our Piano Player at 4/6 per week, two pounds 5s actual worth of Music Rolls, including the finest compositions known.

The only Piano Player that can transcribe into 8 different keys. Accept this as an invitation to call on us and try it.

If you cannot call write for Catalogue.

From £25, or 18/- per Month.

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42, Great Marlborough St., Regent St.
(Near Oxford St. Tube Station).

SUMMER SHAVING.

Gibbs' Superfatted Cold Cream Shaving Soap is the ideal soap for summer shaving. It leaves the face soothed and refreshed and its cooling effect stays long through the day.

It does not smart or irritate, and has healing and antiseptic properties of a high order.

Try a free sample stick, procurable at your usual dealers.

GIBBS'
SHAVING SOAP.

D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., City Soap Works, London, E. D. & H.

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

You can make 15 Large, Light, Delicous, and Wholesome Buns from a 1d. packet of Eiffel Tower Bun Flour at a cost of 3d. With its use a Child can make with certain success delightful Lemon, Vanilla, or Almond Buns. ASK YOUR GROCER for

EIFFEL TOWER BUN FLOUR

And if unable to obtain same, write direct to S. FOSTER CLARK & CO., Eiffel Tower Factory, MALDEN.

If you don't use Fels-Naptha like ordinary soap, but use it in the much easier Fels-Naptha way you'll have nicer clothes and cleaner house with less expense of either labour, cash, or time.

Every bar of Fels-Naptha proves this.

To find out how great a help Fels-Naptha soap is, give it one fair trial.

If not satisfied, shopman returns your 2d at once.

Real Thrift is exercised by using Fels-Naptha soap.

No copper fire, no undue wear of clothes.

To-day's way is easier, quicker, better than the old way.

Fels-Naptha will do a day's clothes-wash in about half a day.

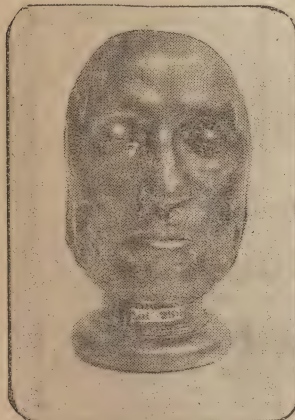
Fels-Naptha 99 Wilson street London EC

KING'S BRONZE MEDALLIST.



Staff-Sergeant G. Souter, 1st V.B. Gordon Highlanders, winner of the Bronze Medal in the competition for the King's Prize at Bisley.

£84 DEATH MASK.



The plaster cast of the face of Oliver Cromwell, taken after his death, which has just been sold for £84 at Messrs. Stevens's auction rooms.

GUARDSMAN'S GIFT TO THE QUEEN.



Sergeant Durham, of the Irish Guards, from whom the Queen accepted a tablecloth he was embroidering when her Majesty visited the new military hospital at Millbank.

A LUXURIOUS BATH.

What can be more refreshing on a hot, dusty day after walking, riding, motoring, or cycling than a good bath that removes dirt and dust and opens and cleanses the pores. Delightful as such a bath is, it is ten times as refreshing and strengthening if you combine with the bath the invigorating odour of the pine forest, which puts new life and energy into every organ and function of the body. That is why those who appreciate bath luxury are such enthusiastic advocates of "Antexema Soap." They find it refreshes in a marvellous way, cleanses not only the surface of the skin but the pores themselves, and as a result of the passage is stopped up, not only will the skin suffer but the general health will also be injured. To keep them open soap is necessary, and a perfect soap is one that not only takes the dirt off the skin but also takes the dirt out of the pores, so that they can breathe and perform their other functions thoroughly. That is why "Antexema Soap" for the hair and skin should always be used.

PERFECT SKIN HEALTH.

Everyone knows that the surface of the skin is covered with hundreds of thousands of pores, and these are like little doors at the end of the glands, and the dirt and dust which settles on the skin has a great tendency to mix with the perspiration and fatty secretion of the skin, and so stop them up. The pores ought to be open, so that the perspiration and natural oil of the skin may find a proper outlet, and if the passage is stopped up, not only will the skin suffer but the general health will also be injured. To keep them open soap is necessary, and a perfect soap is one that not only takes the dirt off the skin but also takes the dirt out of the pores, so that they can breathe and perform their other functions thoroughly. That is why "Antexema Soap" for the hair and skin should always be used.

USE THE RIGHT SOAP.

Many soaps are positively ruinous to the skin, which is far too delicate to be treated with disrespect. No one who values their personal appearance can afford to use bad soap.



Grubby hands made clean.

There is no economy in saving a few pence in the course of a year by using bad soap and making yourself ugly owing to your complexion being bad and your skin unhealthy. If your skin looks dry, harsh, cracks easily, is red, or rough, your appearance will suffer, however, beautifully Nature may have endowed you, whilst other people who really are plain in feature will pass for good-looking owing to the beauty of their complexion and the pleasantness of their looks.

ARE YOU USING THE RIGHT SOAP?

This is a most important question for everyone who values their health and appearance, and really ought to give so important a matter a few minutes' thought. Why use an inferior soap when you can have such a beautiful and thoroughly scientific preparation as "Antexema Soap," which enables those who possess a beautiful complexion to preserve its beauty, and those less fortunate in this way to greatly improve their appearance? If you want a velvety skin, free of all scales of dead skin, which are renewed every day, and you will thus allow the new and perfect cuticle to furnish its own beauty. In other words, always use "Antexema Soap," the soap that beautifies. If you wish to prove the accuracy of the claims made for "Antexema Soap," give it a practical trial for a few days. You will be convinced of its virtues.

"ANTEXEMA SOAP" SHOULD BE USED.

Because it makes the skin clear, pure, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skin. It is the best preventative and healthiest cleanser, emollient and antiseptic, non-poisonous and safe. It should always be used for washing baby, as it will keep the beautiful skin of children in health and loveliness, and make the hair soft and exquisitely silky. If you have not already tried "Antexema Soap" you should procure a supply immediately, and you will be delighted and charmed with the wonderful improvement made in the appearance of your skin. Its value in preventing badness is very great. It cleanses the soap thoroughly, removes sebum and dandruff, promotes the growth of the hair, and renders it soft, silky, glossy, and beautiful.

"ANTEXEMA SOAP"

is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 6d. per tablet, or in boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d., or a tablet will be sent post free for 7d., or three tablets in a box for 1s. 6d., by the "Antexema Company," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.



"I Like It."

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

in her voice, and quitted the shop, followed by Chester.

"I wonder she took the trouble to say that much," said Pollie Peyton to herself.

When Chester found himself alone in the library at Devenish House, he was seized with a bad attack of restlessness. Instead of attending to his correspondence, he wandered about the great room, occasionally taking down a book, dipping into it as if in the hope of deriving distraction, but only to return it to the shelf, and wander further afield. He had paid Dexter the twenty pounds on the previous day; but it was not Dexter who was troubling him now, though the cashier formed a vague shadow in the background of his thoughts. Nor was it Queenie, though she had not been dislodged from the place she occupied in his sympathetic heart.

It was a subtle change in Eve's attitude towards himself that distracted him. She was the same charming, gracious woman, treating him with complete frankness, deeply interested in all he did; yet there was a difference—not a coldness, but she seemed farther removed from him.

Was it because of the episode in the lock? If so, it was unjust of her—unjust, not only to himself, but to the ladies with him. He scarcely liked to think this to be the reason, yet if it was—a feeling of dull anger glowed in his veins. Yet it was a dull glow compared to the greater fire in his blood—the fire of a newly-kindled passion. This feeling that she was farther removed from him in some subtle way only served to fan this fire. He wanted to be quit of his uncertainty. He had made all kinds of resolutions, telling himself that until he had wiped off his debt to Dexter, he was not in a position to ask that question on which his whole future depended; but the spell of the woman was over him. He was not sure of himself. Even for Eve, he would not forego his friendship for Queenie; he could never forget the bonds that linked them together, and that he owed his very life to her.

He pulled out a book from the shelf, almost unconscious of what he was doing. As he opened it something fluttered to the ground—an unmounted photograph. It lay face downward, with some

writing on the back. He read the name "Cecil Daintree" as he picked it up.

He glanced curiously at the portrait of the man who had won Eve's first love—of whom to-day neither Eve nor Vincent Devenish spoke.

It was a good-looking, clean-shaven face, but it seemed to Chester that it was a trifle weak about the lower part, something of indecision about the mouth, counteracting the rather devil-may-care poise of the head. But it was the portrait of more than an ordinarily good-looking man. The features printed themselves very distinctly on Chester's memory.

Still staring at the face, he recalled Eve as he had seen her in the drawing-room, her face covered with her hands, weeping.

The striking of the clock called his attention to time, and, the photograph restored to the book, he set about his work. Mr. Dexter's prophecy concerning his chief's health had come true. Vincent Devenish was confined to his room.

When Chester went to lunch—when he worked at Devenish House he lunched there—his heart was beating the quicker at the prospect of being alone with Eve.

But he was doomed to disappointment.

"Mr. Chester," said Eve, as he entered the dining-room, "let me introduce you to Major Ruthven."

Eve, as a hostess, was admirable. She was as gracious and charming as ever to Chester; but she seemed a shade more interested in Major Ruthven, who won his D.S.O. in South Africa, than in her father's private secretary.

And the distinguished soldier had the happy knack of appearing solely interested in the person to whom he happened to be talking. After exchanging a few casual remarks with Chester, and inviting him to lunch on his coach at Lord's on the second day of the Eton and Harrow match, Major Ruthven devoted himself almost entirely to his charming and beautiful young hostess.

When Chester returned to the library he utterly neglected his work. He paced up and down furiously.

Dexter, bank-notes, obligations were forgotten. He had left Eve and Major Ruthven alone in the drawing-room.

Now Eve was singing to him. Her voice just penetrated into the library.

She might at least have chosen another song—not that song that they sang in chorus the night they returned upstream from picnicking at Nuneham.

Chester did not work at all that afternoon. Eve had forgotten to ask him to take afternoon tea.

Once he got so far as to sit down at the table and pick up a pen; but the clattering of a motor-car at once got to his nerves, and he "dummed" it under his breath. Going to the window he was just in time to see the offending car roll past.

Major Ruthven was driving, and Eve was seated beside him. She caught a glimpse of Chester's rather white face as he appeared at the window. She favoured him with a gracious, conventional smile and a nod that was friendly, and then entered into conversation with the major, who seemed to be devoting more attention to his beautiful charge than was consistent with safe steering or driving.

When Chester quitted Devenish House he was feeling utterly wretched. Eve was a flirt. Having arrived at this conclusion he contradicted it the next moment.

He took tea at a commonplace tea-shop, and asked himself this question a dozen times or more. Then he took a cab and drove to Queenie's rooms.

"Miss Mayfield is up now, sir," said the servant, in answer to his question; "but I don't know whether she is well enough to receive a visitor."

Chester handed the maid his card and waited. Queenie had disobeyed the doctor's orders. She was seated in a great armchair in her own daintily-furnished sitting-room, wearing a pretty muslin wrap, and with a great bowl of roses on the table at her elbow. She was looking very white and tired, and a piece of sticking-plaster showed through the rebellious, sunny hair. She was inhaling the perfume of the roses when the maid entered.

"Mr. Chester, miss, would like to see you if possible."

Queenie leant back in the depths of the chair, and her face was in a shadow. For quite a long time she was silent.

The doctor had advised perfect rest and quiet. "Would you tell Mr. Chester," she said at last, with the trace of a catch in her voice, "that the doctor—?"

She paused for a moment.

(Continued on page 13.)

Seasonable Delicacies!

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

JULY.

BIRD'S CUSTARD
AND FRUIT.

Dishes for this Month.

Strawberries & Custard.
(A Delightful Hot-weather Dish.)
Sliced Bananas & Custard.
Stewed Cherries & Custard.
Stewed Gooseberries & Custard.
Stewed Raspberries & Custard.
Stewed Red Currants & Custard.
Stewed Prunes & Custard.

All Tinned and Bottled
Fruits and Custard.

Nature
provides the Fruit:
"BIRD"
supplies the Custard:
Try them together.

Completely supersedes the use of eggs in the preparation of High-Class Custard—Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes—The unfailing resource of every successful hostess.

RICH IN NUTRIMENT—DELICATE IN FLAVOUR.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

(BIRD'S CUSTARD makes Delicious Ices.)

CAUTION.—Note our name over all doors and windows before entering.

HACKNEY

Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Great Bargains
for Furnishing.

Secure our
GREAT GUIDE
to
Home Comforts,
post free.

BUY NOW.

We will store purchases six months
FREE.

The 'MODEL'
SYSTEM.NO DEPOSIT
REQUIRED.

Worth.	Per month.
210.....	0 6 0
230.....	0 11 0
250.....	0 17 0
270.....	1 5 0
290.....	1 10 0
310.....	2 6 0
330.....	3 10 0
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RECIPES FOR COOL ADDITIONS TO THE SUMMER MENU—GOWNS FOR GOODWOOD.

THE ART OF MAKING ICES.

FREEZING MACHINES COST LESS THAN HALF A GUINEA.

The art of making ices is one that is becoming more common every summer, for it has at last been discovered that freezers are neither too expensive for the average housewife to buy nor too difficult for the cook to manage. The best ice-cream is almost without exception based on a quart of pure cream mixed with the other ingredients to make two quarts when frozen. All cream and no milk gives the ice that delicious softness for which certain creams are famous, and which neither corn-flour nor gelatine can successfully imitate.

Blisque Ice-Cream.

For a dinner-party blisque ice-cream is nice. Take five macaroons and a couple of sponge fingers, preferably slightly stale ones, and place them in the oven to get crisp. Roll them out on the pasteboard and they are round to a fine powder and then beat them up with a quart of cream. It will take about half a pound of sugar to sweeten it, and it should be flavoured with a few drops of vanilla and lemon juice and about eight tablespoonful of sherry.

Peach-Cream Ice.

Ices made after a French recipe are delicious. Here is a method of making peach ice-cream in the Parisian manner. Slice and shred six peaches, then boil a tumbler of water and half a pound of sugar and add to it when skimmed and cool the yolks of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Into this pour a pint of cream and a tablespoonful of maraschino. After freezing this partially add the peaches and allow it to stand in the freezer until it is perfectly solid. French ices are generally served in little square blocks, and this may be done by turning out the contents of the freezer on to a cold dish and cutting through the frozen mass with a warm carving-knife.

Banana Cream.

A good recipe for banana cream is the following. Mash six large bananas through a colander and to three-quarters of a pound of sugar add the yolks of five eggs and beat well. Boil one pint of milk and then add the sugar and eggs, continuing to boil the whole until the mixture becomes thick. Lastly, stir in a quart of fresh cream, and as soon as the whole is cool stir in the bananas.

It is quite an art to make water ices, and some patience is required. By far the better method is to boil the water and sugar, but if the ingredients are wanted to turn out quickly they may be frozen without being heated. To make strawberry-water ice easily take one quart of strawberries worked through a fine sieve with a quarter of a pound of sugar. A teaspoonful of syrup, the juice of a lemon, and a scanty quart of water are to be added. Then freeze it slowly, giving the handle a few turns at a time, leaving it for awhile and returning to give it a few more turns. It may take three hours before the mass is solid, but the longer it stands after freezing the better it will be in flavour. Nearly all fruit ices are made in the same way as this strawberry one.

Sherbets and frozen fruits are almost identical



Elegant model of a gown for Goodwood made of white Ninon, with a binding of old rose satin upon the corsage and sleeves, with a sash to match.

with water ices. Sherbets are thickened by the beaten whites of a couple of eggs stirred in with a little pulverised sugar, and added when the mixture is just becoming stiff. Frozen fruits are simply water ices with the fruit cut into small pieces instead of being mashed.

Some good general directions for the freezing of ice-cream are as follows:—Chip the ice very fine, for the finer it is the closer it may be packed against the can, and the sooner will the contents freeze. The correct proportion of ice and rock-salt is three-parts of the former to one of the latter.

Corn-coloured linen gown, with a broad bordering of coarse lace, worn with a white silk waistcoat and a threading of black velvet through the bodice.

Do not start by churning violently; let the motion of the handle be even and regular.

If there is plenty of time to spare between the making and serving there will be no necessity for churning the ice-cream till it is hard. When it becomes fairly stiff, further exertion may be avoided by giving the cream a few brisk turns with a big spoon, removing the dasher. Repack the can, whirl it for a minute or two without the paddle, and cover it over with a piece of linen. By replenishing the ice and salt every half-hour and pouring off the water the cream will freeze hard of its own accord.



ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

"But perhaps I might see him for a few minutes," Banks said.

The maid would have gone, but Queenie called her back.

"You might put those roses on the centre-table, Banks."

And when the maid had gone, Queenie, suddenly realising that she was holding in her hand the card that had accompanied Chester's gift of roses, thrust it quickly into the bosom of her dress. The roses were at a considerable distance from her now. She plucked a little nervously at her gown with her hot hands as the sound of Chester's step on the stairs reached her.

He entered quickly, concern on his features, and, going straight to her, took both her hands in his own.

"My dear little girl, I'm most awfully sorry—most awfully distressed to hear about this."

"It's very sweet of you," she answered quickly, as if anxious to get over the ground, "and most thoughtful of you to send me those roses. But I'm feeling ever so much better now. Won't you sit down? And you'll have some tea?"

But he still persisted in holding her hands, and was searching her face with anxious eyes. Her own eyes wandered rather restlessly under his tender gaze of concern.

"You're not looking a bit like your bonny sister," he said sadly; "but as soon as you are better, you will go away for a change, won't you?"

"Yes, I think I will. I think a change—a change will do me good. But you will have tea?"

Chester shook his head.

"No, I just want to see you, little girl—talk to you. Tell me, how did it happen?"

Queenie's explanation was brief, and only partial. She mentioned no names.

"Come in!" she cried, in answer to a knock. The maid entered, carrying a basket of flowers

of such proportions that she was almost hidden behind it, and a smaller basket filled with costly hothouse fruit.

"With Mr. Hesper Mordaunt's compliments," said Banks.

Chester frowned, Queenie shivered; but Chester did not notice. He was eyeing the flowers with disapproval. He loathed Hesper Mordaunt, and the man's attitude towards Queenie was detestable. He was about to make some remark on the subject, but Queenie questioned him quickly about his business, Mr. Devenish's health, and a dozen other matters.

"I didn't come here to talk about myself," he said gently. "You don't look comfortable in that chair."

He picked her up in his arms, and made her comfortable with cushions on the sofa. Perhaps it was the feel of his strong arms about her that brought a tinge of colour to her face. Then Chester talked on every-day topics, and was interesting. But once he completely lost the thread of what he was saying, a noisy motor-car happening to rattle past outside, conjuring up a vision of Major Ruthven and Eve as he had seen them from the library.

"But I mustn't tire you out," he said at last, preparing to leave. "May I come again to-morrow?"

"No. Not to-morrow. To-morrow I —"

"But the day after?"

"Yes."

Chester bent over her, and smoothed her hair.

"I hope that wound doesn't cause you much pain?" he said, looking at the plaster covering it.

"Oh, no," she cried, with a little shiver.

"I'm awfully sorry—I hurt you —"

"It is still very painful."

But it was the heart, not the head, that Chester had pained.

"When I see you again," he said as he took leave of her with affectionate tenderness. "You must be looking ever so much better than this. And you must have a holiday."

"Yes. I shall go away at the first possible opportunity."

"Good."

When he had gone, she pressed her hands to her eyes with a little choking sob; then, staggering to her feet, she approached the great basket of flowers sent her by Hesper Mordaunt, and, for one who loved flowers, behaved most strangely.

She tore the flowers to pieces, scattering petals, leaves, and frondage to the floor, sometimes trampling on them.

"I hate him—I hate him—I hate him!" she cried desperately.

And her eyes wandered to the roses. Being quite alone, and freed from her dread of betraying her secret, she crept to the roses and kissed them.

Only when she returned to complete her work of destruction did she discover the note that Hesper Mordaunt had concealed among the flowers.

The very touch of the envelope made her shiver.

But it came from the one man who was in a position to lend her the money to make good her brother's theft.

She had yet to tell Frank Chester that her brother had been seen at Liverpool. She had turned coward when he was with her that afternoon, for it meant acknowledging to him that her brother was a thief—a thief who had robbed his old friend and left him to face the consequences.

Yet she must tell him, and she must tell and live a lie in order to get him to accept the money that she, according to her high code, was in honour bound to pay back.

She then fingered Hesper Mordaunt's note, dreading to open it. The horror of the parting still haunted her, and the incidents seemed to stand out more vividly each time they were recalled. It was horrible, the mere contemplation of any further association with this man, even though there had been one moment when he had revealed to her a glimmer of something better in his gross nature.

She tore open the envelope quickly.

(To be continued.)

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Many business men and women say that they attribute the fact that they are able to keep their berths to their being able to keep their hair in a youthful condition. Unconsciously many men and women for the want of this simple precaution have found the first nail driven into the coffin of their business careers. Every year the cry

"Too Old at Forty"

becomes more acute. When Professor Osler, who has just arrived from America to take the chair as Professor of Medicine at Oxford, said that men should be chloroformed at sixty, he was not taken seriously. From the point of view of being able to make a living, how true it would have been if Professor Osler had put it that we might as well be

Chloroformed at Forty,

because the man is bald or showing a tendency that way, or the woman grey and sparse of hair. Now there is a remedy for all this if people will but apply for it. That remedy is Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho." "Tatcho" alone will do it.

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Insuring Against Loss of Hair,

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land) with 100,000 francs and 100,000 francs. It has been agreed that, with the consent of the clubs whose courses had been chosen, and other interested parties, the dates and venues for the contest should be as follows:—First 3 holes at St. Andrews on August 23, second 36 holes

LAWN TENNIS TEST.

England Meets America at
Wimbledon To-day for the
International Cup.

Perhaps the most important lawn tennis championships ever contested comes to an end one way or the other at Wimbledon to-day, where England have to meet America for the international championship.

At the commencement of the series of matches it was generally supposed that England would prove strong enough to retain their championship honours pretty easily, but so well have the Americans played up to date that to-day's contest cannot be regarded in the light of a certainty.

America will be represented in the doubles by Ward and Larned, and Ward and Wright will do duty in the singles. The exclusion of Larned from the singles will come as a great surprise to many, but probably the American tactics are good, in view of the player, S. H. Smith, competing against their nomination. Smith is so strong a driver that net play is seldom possible against him, and even at the back of the court being preferable to the volley game.

It is a pity that R. F. Doherty has not been persuaded to play in the singles. Just how good he is nobody quite knows, but one match he played last year was distinctly wonderful. As lawn tennis enthusiasts will remember, Max Decugis won the covered courts championships, H. L. Doherty being beaten last winter. Within a week, however, R. F. Doherty played Decugis a match, gave him 15, and won comfortably!

Good though the Americans undoubtedly are, I think it will be found that England are just a trifle stronger.

R. F. WILSON.

TO-DAY'S RACING PROGRAMME.

SANDOWN PARK.

2.0.-DITTON TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs; winner to be sold for 200 sovs. Five furlongs.	
Symmetrion	8 1
Brosy Lass	8 4
Simply	8 5
Black Egg	8 6
Donna Fidelia	8 7
Hammy Stobber	8 8
Meosus	8 9
Rose Lips	8 10
Gundbert	8 11
Maranta	8 12

2.30.-VICTORIA WHITEB HANDICAP of 200 sovs. One mile and a half.	
Almsmith	4 10
Caprai	4 11
Aralia	4 12
Belliver	5 0
Cherry Ripe	5 1
Phyllosena	5 2
Scotch Cherry	5 3
Barnstormer	5 4
Alkerman	5 5
Cortana	5 6
The Limpole	5 7
Lord Victor	5 8
McVardley	5 9
Royal Winkfield	5 10
Hakhor	5 11
Bowers	5 12
Fire Drake	5 13

3.10.-Eighteenth Renewal of the ECLIPSE STAKES of 10,000 sovs, second to receive 500 sovs, the third 100 sovs, and the remainder of the winner 500 sovs. Eclipse Stakes Course (about one mile and a quarter).

(FOR PROBABLE STARTERS AND JOCKEYS SEE "GREY FRIARS" NOTES.)

3.40.-Thirtieth Renewal of the GREAT KINGSTON TWO-YEAR-OLD RACE of 500 sovs. Five furlongs.

3.40.-THIRTIETH RENEWAL OF THE GREAT KINGSTON TWO-YEAR-OLD RACE of 500 sovs. Five furlongs.	
Spanish Orphan	8 7
Royal Romance	8 8
Frutrum	8 9
Cortana	8 10
Chiochi	8 11
Lady Unica II.	8 12
Pracynth	8 13
Scatanus	8 14
Sedately	8 15
Reptile	8 16
Selen	8 17
Malthouse	8 18
Zarifer	8 19

4.10.-MILBURN SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs; winner to be sold for 200 sovs. Seven furlongs.

4.10.-MILBURN SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs; winner to be sold for 200 sovs. Seven furlongs.	
Pollon	8 9
Finbar	8 10
Multitawny	8 11
Kilbrist	8 12
Caughlan	8 13
Sweet Motron	8 14
Inshrine	8 15

4.40.-BURBTON HANDICAP of 300 sovs. Five furlongs.

4.40.-BURBTON HANDICAP of 300 sovs. Five furlongs.	
Out of Sight	8 7
Countermark	8 8
Aspendale	8 9
Goodrest	8 10
Chops	8 11
Bobrinki	8 12
Deastrie	8 13
The De II.	8 14
Blowing Stone	8 15
Mistle II.	8 16
Nemo	8 17
Ran Supper	8 18
Wofohal	8 19
Whistling Robin	8 20
Crepensule	8 21
Twelvebore	8 22

BOOKMAKERS AND THE LAW.

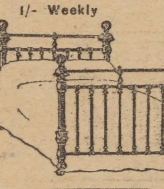
The "Matin" yesterday published a statement, states Reuter, made to its representative by the Minister of Agriculture to the effect that bookmaking will be suppressed on all French racetracks after September 1.

On the other hand, bookmakers have won in the States. A Laflin telegram from Chicago yesterday states that the courts have granted an injunction restraining the police from interfering with the transmission of messages by wireless telegraphy.

This is a victory for the bookmakers, who were using the wireless system on board a ship to obtain the results of races. They will now resume business at once.



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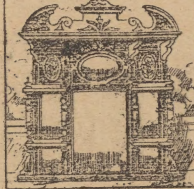
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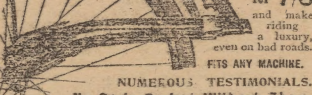
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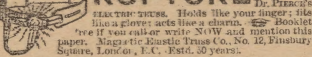
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